

ERMA BROWNSCOMBE CONCERT GUEST ARTIST

Philharmonic Concert to be Presented February 10th

ERMA BROWNSCOMBE, HENRY ATACK AND ISABEL ALEXANDER TO PARTICIPATE IN PLEASING PROGRAM

Friday next the Philharmonic Society will present their annual concert in Convocation Hall. Early last fall the Glee Club and Symphony Orchestra united to form the Philharmonic, and this is to be their first public venture. The Orchestra has already performed at the Interyear Play Competition, and all who were present remember it with pleasure. The University has a great deal of talent, and this new society is fortunate in their membership.

The program has been carefully selected, and the club has been working steadily on this concert from early in December. They have also been very fortunate in their guest artists, having secured Erma Brownscombe and Henry Attack. Mlle. Brownscombe is well known throughout the province as a dramatic soprano of considerable repute, while Henry Attack is familiar to all as the talented organist and choir leader at Robertson Church here in the city.

Miss Isabel Alexander, who is an Exchange Scholar from Toronto Varsity, will be giving a piano solo. Miss Alexander is a graduate from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and took a prominent interest in campus music and orchestral activities at her home university.

The whole concert is being arranged and directed by Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, who has done so much for the Symphony Orchestra in the University. Mrs. Carmichael has, by way of interest, just been appointed the leader of the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, which again bespeaks of our good fortune in having such a capable leader for our own society. Under her direction, the Philharmonic Orchestra will give three numbers: the "Andante Cantabile" by Tchaikowsky, his "Meditation" and the "March and Procession of Bacchus" from the Ballet "Sylvia" by Delibes.

The ladies' chorus will also be giving "Song of India," while the male chorus will sing that popular favorite, "On the Road to Mandalay." And then, in addition to these treats, the full chorus will give "Sylvia," "By the Waters of Minnetonka" and "I Came Upon the Midnight Clear," while the male quartet, without which no concert would ever be complete, will sing "At Dawning."

This program is being keenly anticipated by all who appreciate good music, and the student body should support this venture wholeheartedly. It will be a concert which can be enjoyed by all, and the wide variety should please everyone. It will be remembered that this same society, then under the caption of the Glee or the Sym Club, have presented such popular successes as the "Bohemian Girl" and "Lucky Jade." The concert this year is still of that high calibre, and the society is doing everything possible to ensure its popular success.

The tickets are but fifty and

MED CLUB MEETING

Thursday, Feb. 9, 8 p.m., Athabasca Lounge. Speaker to be announced later.

PIANIST



ISABEL ALEXANDER
Who is giving a piano solo next Friday night.

NOTICE

Organizations whose pictures for the Year Book are overdue are urgently requested to get them in along with name lists inside the next week. There is still hope for an early Year Book. Please snap into it!

Graduands who have submitted pictures without epitaphs or vice versa, are warned that the omitted article must be sent in without delay, as graduand panels are now being made up for the press.

GUEST ARTIST AT PHILHARMONIC PRODUCTION



MLLE. ERMA BROWNSCOMBE

Who is soprano guest artist at the Philharmonic Concert to be given next Friday.

BAND AT VARSITY RINK ON SATURDAY

Union Rink Band Has Return Engagement—Good Music Assured

Ted Richardson and his Union Rink Band will be back at the Varsity Rink on Saturday, February 4, for a return engagement. All skaters who enjoyed the fine performance of this band at the carnival will be pleased to hear of their return to our rink on Saturday. Mr. Richardson has promised that his band will dispense even better music than before.

As this is a regular skating night, Thursday's skating being necessarily cancelled on account of the hockey game, students will be admitted on season tickets or for 25c. In order to offset to some degree the extra expense of the band, the rink has deemed it necessary to change a 5c checking fee in both checking rooms. If the venture is successful this Saturday, it will probably become a weekly feature for the remainder of the season.

PHILOSOPHY SOCIETY HEARS PROF. SMITH

Prof. Smith Gives Paper Entitled "Modern Advances in Natural Philosophy"

The Philosophical Club of the University held its second meeting of the year Wednesday afternoon, when Professor Stanley Smith addressed the society on the "Modern Advances in Natural Philosophy." The meeting was presided over by the club's able president, Professor Warren, of the Geology Department. There were over a hundred people present, and the crowd included students, members of the various faculties, and many interested outsiders.

Prof. Smith began his interesting paper by pointing out that as natural philosophy is really nothing but physics, couched in different terms, physics might be honestly said to be a branch of true philosophy. He then proceeded to discuss various definitions of science, referring to Huxley's famous declaration that "Science was nothing but organized nonsense." He quickly explained a thing which he declared was not science, contrary to popular conception; he stated that science does not explain or give the true nature of things—it rather teaches us the true relation of things.

In tracing the development of natural philosophy, Prof. Smith lightly touched on Galileo, who is said to have really founded our modern attitude to science, basing his work directly upon observation. He was the first to distinguish between the primary and secondary attributes of nature. The great Newton was then briefly mentioned, and the lecturer pointed out that Newton really represented the power of the human mind to correlate seemingly irrelevant phenomena. It was Newton who began the work on light, and now after considerable debate and refutation, the pendulum is beginning to swing again to much of Newton's original hypothesis. This remarkable man also introduced special mathematics which he used to trace out the motion of bodies. It is through these mathematics that we are now able to foretell so accurately such things as eclipses many, many years in the future. Prof. Smith then developed Newton's theory of light, explaining that, after all, his basis of matter. He then traced the thought and controversies involved on this phase of physics, and with an excellent series of slides and pictures took the audience through to the present day. It was impossible for a non-technical mind to grasp all that was expounded, yet despite this handicap, the lecture was so clearly explained and so vividly told that every member of the audience keenly enjoyed it all.

Professor Adam Lectures On Modern Movement in Art

MODERN ART COMPARABLE TO THAT OF PAST AGES—SUBJECT MATTER HAS NOT RADICALLY CHANGED

Professor Adam expressed the opinion that the modern age in art was comparable to any in the past. The subject matter in art has not changed although the treatment of it may vary in all ages. The most fascinating subject in art has always been the attempt to portray light. It is the same spirit that pervades art that has always been the driving motive, the desire to express life finds new modes of expression, jazz, advanced architecture, etc.

Although most people know relatively little of the technique of art or of its historical development, yet they are just as capable of forming an opinion of a picture as one can of a good dinner without any technical knowledge of cooking.

A very rapid survey was given of the historical classification of art on national lines, Italy, the Netherlands, France and England have in turn enjoyed the prestige of world prominence in art. The prominent mediums were discussed and illustrated with slides.

With this background Professor Adam commenced his discourse on modern impressionism. This tendency first developed in what is known as

"EXECUTIVE A" DECORATIONS

Notice is hereby given that applications for "Executive A" decorations will be received by the secretary of the Students' Union up until 12:30 noon on Wednesday, February 15th, in the Union office, Arts Building.

Attention is directed to the following extracts from the Constitution of the Students' Union:

1. The Students' Union shall award a decoration to take the form of a distinctive "A" pin in recognition of distinguished executive service rendered by members of the Union.

2. (a) Every member who, during his stay at the University of Alberta, accumulates a total of at least 125 points under The Point System Act, shall, subject to (c), be awarded one of the said decorations.

(b) Any member who, during his stay at the University of Alberta, accumulates a total of at least 115 points under The Point System Act may, subject to (c), be awarded one of the said decorations if the award is approved by a three-quarters majority at a properly called Students' Council meeting.

(c) No member shall be eligible for the said decoration unless he has held either an office on the Students' Council or an office valued at 25 points or over.

3. (a) No member shall be awarded more than one such decoration. (b) Each pin awarded shall be accompanied by a certificate of award.

Subjective Impressionism, in which one thing the centre of interest in the picture stands out in detail, all other things being subjective to it. While contributing to the general impression they are painted in less detail, and act as contributing factors to the general impression. Slides illustrating this tendency were shown from the work of Velasquez, Degas, Turner, Whistler and others.

Objective impressionism is expressed in two ways, by emphasis on color or on form. The color is applied in dots and not rubbed in, so that the brilliancy of the light remains. Pictures of this type have lately been exhibited in the Common Room. This tendency is known as Pointillism.

The interest in form and line finds its expression in much modern art, particularly of the commercial art.

These tendencies are present in present-day Canadian art. Slides were shown from the Group of Seven, and Tom Thomson. Professor Adam commended the work of these artists very highly. These men have combined the interest in color and form, and have produced a distinctive work that ranks with the finest.

In concluding, a tribute was paid to the talent of Mr. Evan Greene, an Edmonton artist, whose work has attracted such wide interest while on display in the Arts Building.

Council meeting.

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NOTICE TO JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES, FRESHMEN

All class fees must be paid by Feb. 10 or pictures will not be in the Year Book. Many students have turned in pictures and have not yet joined any class. Pay your class fees immediately and make sure of your picture in the Evergreen and Gold.

Students' Council Amends Extension of Point Awards

MOTION TO DO AWAY WITH EVILS OF PRESENT SYSTEM—MORE EQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF EXECUTIVE WORK

At a meeting of the Students' Council held Thursday afternoon a proposed revision of the Point System Act was brought in. The discussion centred around the question of point extension for students holding offices exceeding their allotments.

It was pointed out that the purpose of the Point System Act was to deter students from holding more offices than was in their own interests or the interests of the student body. Mr. Watts suggested that a rigid adherence to the system would eliminate much of the duplication of office and provide opportunity for a larger group of students to enjoy the privileges and opportunities of office.

The proposed revision would do away with any extension of points at all. A student would only be allowed to hold office up to the value of his specified number of points. It was felt that this would sacrifice efficiency of management to too great an extent. Where the available material is so transient there is always the difficulty of finding men with the experience required to direct certain branches of student activity. To eliminate the possibility of an extension would increase this difficulty.

The advocates of continuing the use of extensions pointed out that many offices were of a seasonal nature, the heavy duties falling at different times of the year, and therefore from the scholastic point of view there could be no objection.

To crystallize the discussion, Alf McLean moved that: Any student elected to an office and knowing or believing that he is without his or her allotment under the Point System Act, must apply for permission to the Council before he or she takes over office, for an extension under the Point System Act. The purpose of this motion was to avoid the obvious abuses of the extension by placing the case before the Council in time for them to take steps to remove the offender from office before he had completed a large portion of the work, and was therefore entitled to the points. Each individual student will be responsible for the arrangements for office to avoid his being asked to resign at a time inconvenient to his society.

In order to fully acquaint everyone with the conditions of the system it was felt advisable to pass a motion to the effect that the secretary give

LITERATURE MOURNS LOSS OF GREAT MEN

Prof. Saintsbury and John Galsworthy Pass Away During the Week

Prof. Saintsbury

A great loss was suffered Tuesday in the ranks of English men of letters through the death of Prof. Geo. E. B. Saintsbury.

Prof. Saintsbury was a graduate of Oxford, and after spending several years as master at Guernsey and the Elgin educational institute, he became professor of rhetoric and English literature at Edinburgh. Throughout his life (1845-1933) he wrote a great deal, among the more important of his works being, "Short History of French Literature," "A Short History of English Literature," and histories of English Criticism. Prof. Saintsbury's writings were extensive, and all bear the mark of his vast range of reading.

While Prof. Saintsbury was lecturing at the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Wallace studied under him, and attributes to him to a large extent his appreciation of the value of literature.

Because of his personal contact with the great man, Dr. Wallace kindly consented to give a talk to some of the students in English at 4:30 on Wednesday. Dr. Wallace's remarks took the form of personal reminiscences, showing the unusual and individual characteristics of his former professor. Especially he emphasized the versatility and learning of Prof. Saintsbury, which accounts for his diverse interests in literature of which he had such extensive and detailed knowledge.

Prof. Saintsbury was not particularly interested in modern literature, but made that of previous periods his special study. He was a conservative in his manner of thinking, and was a "rigid" Tory, which characteristics explain his lack of interest in contemporary literature.

By the death of Prof. Saintsbury the world of letters is suffering the loss of one of its greatest men and one to whom it owes much.

John Galsworthy

Last Tuesday was marked by the passing of John Galsworthy, one of England's greatest novelists and playwrights of the modern school.

Born in Surrey in 1867, Galsworthy was educated at Harrow and Oxford. He graduated in law and was called

adequate publicity to the Point System Act before the spring elections and again before the fall elections.

In the event of a person being forced to retire during their tenure of office, the Council is empowered to make an equitable division of points between the person involved and their successor.

A redistribution of points was put into effect which will be of interest to only a few executives under the Union.

"L'ANGLAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE"

Which is the Name of the Play Presented by the Cercle Français on Tuesday

Wednesday, February 1, the French Club presented a rollicking comedy, "English as She Spoke." Long before the hour, the Convocation Hall and the gallery were filled, and those unfortunates who arrived so fashionably late were forced to accommodate themselves on such undignified obstacles as radiators and tables. The audience, consisting of about 800 members, awaited the rising of the curtain impatiently, but their impatience was effectively dispelled by Mr. John B. Harvey, who, accompanied by Miss Vera Pike at the piano, gave an artistic and enjoyable violin solo entitled "Scene de Ballet" by de Beriot. Nor were they disappointed when the play began. From the beginning to the very last moment the audience sat enthralled.

The plot is quite simple. A young English girl, Betty Hobson, elopes with a bank clerk and together they stop at a small Parisian hotel, whither the irate parent pursues them.

Meanwhile an ingenious youth has taken on the position as interpreter of the hotel, although he does not know a word of English. Naturally complications arise, and everything seems dark for the lovers, but finally all is well when the father learns that the young clerk has been granted an interest in the bank.

With but one exception, the cast was wholly composed of French 2 students, yet they acquitted themselves in a truly histrionic style. Miss Hazel Sutherland was a charming Betty, who continually feared the "chapeau paternel," and Ralph Collins was a devoted lover. Mr. Glen Shortliffe's portrayal of the interpreter was extremely funny, and his continual replies of "Yes, yes," to the excited demands of the stern parent, drew rounds of applause from the house. Mr. Larry Davis was an extremely convincing English gentleman, who knows everything but the French language. Miss Louise Evans was a most efficient caissiere, while Mr. Appel and Mr. McNally performed the duties of the hotel "domestique" and policeman respectively, with ease and naturalness.

That the play was a huge success cannot be doubted. The standard of French spoken was also remarkably high, especially for junior students. All this pays great tribute to the unfailing patience with which Dr. Sonet directed this play, as also to his magnetic powers of persuasion, by which he induced even the staidest members of the faculty to be present and pay their "dime." Here's for more French plays in the future!

to the bar, but literature appealed more strongly to him, and to it he devoted his life. His first novels attracted considerable attention, especially the famous sequence of five known as the Forsyte Saga. These gave a remarkable picture of upper-middle class life in the late Victorian era.

After the war, in 1924, the Forsytes reappeared in The White Monkey, the first of a trilogy rather similar in aim to the earlier sequence. In these is seen the tender sympathy of the author for youth and beauty. As a writer of short stories, he reached levels often equal to his best in this type of writing.

Galsworthy was also a dramatist deserving of fame. His keen sense of dramatic values is shown in his plays, most of which deal with social and ethical problems. He was the first English playwright of note who used natural dialogue, which was quite a contrast to the other forms then written.



THE GATEWAY

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RALPH CONNOR

Edmonton has been honored by a distinguished visitor. We refer to the Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon, who was here during the last week-end.

Dr. Gordon spoke at Robertson United Church as the guest of that congregation during the celebration of their anniversary. The enthusiasm of Edmonton for Dr. Gordon's messages was evidenced by the great number of people who came to hear him speak. Sunday morning the church was crowded, and in the evening some time before the service was scheduled to start the building was filled to capacity, and many were turned away from the doors, unable to get even standing room. The same interest was taken in his lecture given Monday evening after the anniversary dinner.

Many who went to hear Dr. Gordon were interested in him as the author of "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry" and other books of equally fine repute, for Dr. Gordon is the well-known novelist "Ralph Connor." That his sermons were no disappointment was effectively demonstrated by the fact that every time he spoke larger crowds attended the service, a great many of the people returning to hear his later talks after listening to him once.

Dr. Gordon is a forceful, dramatic speaker, and held the attention of the congregation, although large, without any difficulty. It is a pleasure to hear a message such as Dr. Gordon delivered.

INTRODUCTION OF FRESHMEN

Initiation is no more. But it is felt that there should be some kind of organized introduction of Freshmen to the University. The first week, during registration, and before classes have started is, in most cases, a lonesome time for the new student. To alleviate this unhappy situation, the Council have deemed it advisable to arrange for activities for Freshmen during the first week, and which may be entered into at the option of the individual.

Mr. Arthur Wilson, chairman of a committee appointed last fall by the Council to investigate and submit plans on the introduction of Freshmen, gave an indication of the intended program to the Committee on Student Affairs, which met January 25th.

It was proposed that there be two evening meetings held; one, a gathering of the new students to hear Dr. Wallace's address which will, in all probability, deal with the academic aspect of the life which they are entering; the other meeting, it is intended, will explain the extra-curricular activities open to new students. With a full explanation of student affairs, it is hoped that the Freshmen will be better fitted to choose for themselves those phases of student life which interest them most, and in so choosing realize more fully and aptly what the University can mean to them.

In the plans, as yet uncompleted, room will be made for social activities to enable the Frosh to get to know one another better.

The Committee on Student Affairs received this report with approbation and left the details to be worked out by the Council members and those on the committee for drawing up a program for the introduction of Freshmen.

Admiring Co-ed—Were you hurt while you were on the eleven?

Football Hero—No, it was while the eleven were on me.

Kay Donaldson—I hear that Jack has broken off his engagement with Gladys. How did she take it?

Olive Young—It completely unmanned her.

Rod McDonald—Something is preying on Horace's mind.

Ralph Auxier—Don't worry. It will die of starvation.

VESPER SERVICE
HELD ON SUNDAY

Principal A. S. Tuttle Spoke on Religion, Social or Personal

A University Vesper Service was held in Convocation Hall on Sunday, January 29, at 4 o'clock. Professor L. H. Nichols was at the organ, and among other selections, played Basil Harwood's "Interlude" and Franck's "Fantasia." Principal A. S. Tuttle was the speaker, on the subject: "Religion, Social or Personal."

In answering the question thus stated, Dr. Tuttle took the position that no religion is complete which is exclusively social or exclusively personal. As in Hegel's philosophy of history, the truth lies in a synthesis of the two extremes. Referring to the contribution of modern humanistic religious thinkers, Dr. Tuttle showed that because their religion is purely social they stop short of recognizing that which is deepest and most permanent in human nature.



Hymn of Victory

From Calgary they came like the wolf on the fold,
All ready to vanquish the Green and the Gold.
From the printed report and the word of the mouth,
It would seem they were rated the best in the south.

They were known as the "Domers"—"Moose Domers," in fact,

And, to date, they had vanquished each group they attacked;

So one felt they weren't going too far in their claim
That they'd beat any team in a basketball game.

But the Varsity boys had been practising long
With a coach who knew how to make fast teams—and strong!

So the Green and Gold hoopers played well, and they won,

Though the score was quite close—thirty-four, thirty-one.

So Coach Henderson's boys are the men of the hour,
And the fans are unstinting with praise for their power.

And we'll hope that in future 'twill turn out the same,
But we'll rest on our laurels—until the next game!

—T. W. H.

Latin Professor (writing LXXX on the board)—Miss Smith, what does that mean?

Mary Smith (coily)—Love and Kisses.

Ev Borgeal—What's the matter?

E. G. Archer—I wrote a letter to The Gateway on fresh milk, and the Editor condensed it.

Hard-up Young Man—Sir, I have come to tell you that I have long loved your daughter and want to make her my wife.

Very Rich Business Man—But I have no daughter.

Hard-up Young Man—Good Heavens! They told me you had!

(We have not been able to confirm absolutely the rumor that the young man in question was Jim McIntosh—pardon us, the name just slipped out!)

Harold Riley is reported to have written the following letter to one of The Gateway's advertisers:

Dear Sir,—I have eaten three cans of your corn syrup in the last week, and my corns are just as bad as ever.

First Lady—We got a new \$200 radio, and the electrician came and attached it.

Second Lady—That's nothing. We got a new \$400 radio, and the sheriff came and attached it.

Shed a tear
For little Nell,
She had a car
And drove pretty fast.

One of the Deans (to one of the Freshmen)—My boy, your work has fallen down; and if you are going to pick it up you will have to step on it.

Jack—I don't think my wife could tell a lie in a year.

Newcombe—You're lucky. Mine can tell a lie the instant I utter it.

Ed. McCormick (oratorically)—What is more sad than a man without a country?

Jean Irving (shuddering at the thought)—A country without a man.

Visitor (to butler, who was showing him through the picture gallery)—That's a fine portrait! Is it an old master?

Butler—No, sir; that's the old missus.

The inquisitive old lady was bending over the bed of a wounded soldier whose head was swathed in cotton and linen.

"Were you wounded in the head, my boy?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied a faint voice. "I was wounded in the foot and the bandage has slipped up."

Girl Friend—What were you thinking of?

Frank Blue—Nothing much.

Girl Friend—Why weren't you thinking of me?

Frank—I was.

Frosh—Say, Professor, how long could I live without brains?

Professor—That remains to be seen.

He—No, my father wasn't exactly a policeman, but he went with them a great deal.

MR. CALDER AT
MINING SOCIETY

"An Oil Field Drama" Unfolded to Students Friday

Mr. Calder, of the Natural Gas Division of the Department of Natural Resources, addressed the campus Mining and Geological Society on "An Oil Field Drama."

He told the members many of his experiences at the Trinidad pitch lake, Venezuela, Iraq, Persia, Roumania and even Russia. Mr. Calder then gave a brief resume of the development of the oil industry, tracing it from its distant origin to the present day. It seems that the industry was first born from natural seepages, though later hand-dug wells appeared. These wells, attaining a depth of about 700 feet, were sunk by a man being lowered from a windlass. Here the casing used was wood, but the greatest difficulty was experienced when they tried to get the man out



Frenzied Finesse

There exists a class of lecturers, politicians and writers, who, whenever they are called upon to deliver a message to persons under twenty, have only one thing to say. They tell their audience that the world is in a state of dangerous disorganization, and that vast problems face us, which must be solved. So far they are on safe ground. The humour and the insult come later. Calling upon their listeners they tell them that it is youth which must take over the burden of reconstructing society. It is youth with its courage, its enthusiasm, its fresh energy and unbiased mentality which will save the world. In other words, these gentlemen of the older generation, having tangled things beyond human understanding, seek to ease their minds with unctuous clap-trap and escape blame by flattery. We fail to see how the inexperience, ignorance, and uncertainty of youth is more salutary when applied to world problems, than the prejudice, stupidity and platitudes of these speakers. Youth may have little faith, but it does at least know that experience is better than inexperience, which fact these gentlemen seem to have forgotten. We also venture an opinion that these persons, so free with their advice and their vague alarms, either don't know what the ills of the world are, or knowing, lack the courage to tell.—Sheaf Editorial.

They were sitting together at a table in a club at Long Beach, a brand new Ensign and his sweetheart. Suddenly the sweet young thing pointed to another table, and asked:

"Who is that officer over there?"

"Why, that's our chaplain," replied the Ensign.

"Why not ask him to join us?" came the suggestion.

"It's O.K. with me, honey," said the gallant one. "Just name the day."—Hornet.

The Sheaf's Own Personality Test

(Editor's Note.—It is rapidly becoming necessary for all up-to-date journals to publish tests by which their readers may evaluate their own powers. The Sheaf, not to be outdone, has crashed through with one of its own. The answers given here are to be considered only a guide. Go ahead and make up your own (either questions or answers, we did).)

1. Q.—Did you ever cross the street to avoid meeting any one?

Ans.—Did you ever owe anyone any money?

2. Q.—Do ideas often run through your head so that you cannot sleep?

Ans.—Ever since I saw "One Hour With You."

3. Q.—Do you ever have spells of dizziness?

Ans.—After banquets.

4. Q.—Do you blush very often?

Ans.—Only when I read the Campus Cow.

5. Q.—Do you ever question or heckle a public speaker?

Ans.—You're just a plain communist.

6. Q.—Do you get stage fright?

Ans.—Well, I sat in the Engineer's section at the Frosh Lit.

7. Q.—Do you enjoy spending an evening alone?

Ans.—Alone with whom?

8. Q.—When you are in low spirits, do you try to find someone to cheer you up?

Ans.—Question is incorrectly worded. It should read, "When you are low in spirits, do you try to find something to cheer you up?"—Yes!

9. Q.—Are you troubled with the idea that people on the street are watching you?

Ans.—Only when coming from a Government store.

10. Q.—Do you prefer to be alone at times of emotional stress?

Ans.—I never have emotional stress when I am alone.—Sheaf.

Bing—What do you mean by kicking my dog? He don't even bite.

Bang—Yes, but he raised his leg and I thought that he was going to kick me.—Hornet.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the boys at Northwestern University prefer girls who do not drink, smoke, chew and paint like Sitting Bull.

Two per cent. of the people of the United States have heart defects.

Approximately half the gold mined is made into money. The other half is made into watches, jewelry, musical instruments, teeth fillings, etc.

The cost of living is higher in New York than in any other city in the United States.

Modern telescopes are powerful enough to make visible stars so faint that the combined light from a million of them could not be perceived by the human eye.

By means of a new mechanical device, hay can be cured in a few hours without sunshine.—McGill Daily.

as the well came in.

Soon, however, the "Freefall" system of drilling was introduced, by which the sheer weight of the drill did the boring. At the same time, riveted casing was made on the spot.

One of the greatest handicaps of any oil field is casing the water out, for water is probably the greatest enemy of modern oil and gas development, especially in Alberta.

Since 1902 cement has been obligatory by law as casing.

In conclusion, Mr. Calder advised young geologists not to let mercenary considerations result in exploitations. He also remarked that, personally, he was in favor of state development of natural resources.

CANDID COMMENT

By Ichabod

The writer was pleasantly surprised last week to hear of a young co-ed who had missed the old columnist's efforts. Thus it behooves the writer to enter the field again. May I dedicate this effort, for such it is, to my one reader?

The men's basketball team was successful in winning from the strong Calgary Moose Domers' team last Saturday. They will not need the sympathy that they would have had a hard time getting had they lost. It has been said, in defence of the Calgarians, that they were short-handed. It would also be as well to bear in mind the fact that this was Varsity's first game and that Coach Henderson was convalescing from an attack of 'flu. We must say that we are not disappointed in the lads.

There was a very interesting item (to those who are interested in our

VARSITY TO DEBATE
U.B.C. OVER RADIO

Speakers to Broadcast Simultaneously From Home Station Tonight

Radio fans are for a novel experience in the coming radio debate between the Universities of Alberta and British Columbia. The Alberta team, consisting of Harold Poole and Harold Frick, will speak from our own studios at CKUA, while the B.C. team of Milton Owen and James Ferris will present their arguments from the CKRV studio in Vancouver. The entire debate will be broadcasted from either of the above stations, or that of CJFC at Kamloops.

This intervarsity debate will be held on the evening of Feb. 3, from 7:45-8:30 p.m. The U. of A. team will uphold the affirmative of the topic, "Resolved that Inflation is not in the best interest of Canada." Each debater, both affirmative and negative, will be allowed nine minutes to present his argument, and the leader of the affirmative will have a three-minute opportunity to refute the statements of his opponents.

This question of pegging the Canadian dollar to the English pound is one of vital interest as well as national discussion today. Everybody should "listen in" to CKUA on the evening of Feb. 3.

Mr. H. P. Brown, announcer of the University station, says: "This is possibly the first time that reverse transcription has been used for debate." The manner in which this is accomplished is not only complicated, but difficult.

In addition to the speech of the first debater being broadcasted over CKUA, it will be carried by wire to the Vancouver studios of CNRV, where it will be re-broadcasted to B.C. listeners. The next debater will speak from Vancouver, and much the same procedure will be carried out. The telephone operators at five points—Vancouver, Boston, Bar, Birch Island, Jasper and Edmonton—will reverse connections, and CKUA will receive and broadcast the address from the U. of B.C.

The total time required to switch directions is about 20 seconds. However, between speeches a whole minute will be utilized for station announcements. Prior to the debate a two-way test will be made to insure complete success. At the conclusion of each speech the announcer gives a signal to the operators, who, during the station announcements, switch the current direction and the debate continues from the other end.

This debate has created much interest in university circles, which are anxiously awaiting the outcome of this new venture. It may be the beginning of a series of debates among the four western universities; and who knows but some day that this method will be used in competition for the McGowan cup.

Next Wednesday is the day. The hour is 7:30 p.m. Listen in and boost for the good old U. of A.

Sinclair—Why is the top of a dog's tail like the centre of a tree?

St. Clair—Why indeed, old top?

"Because they're both farthest from the bark."

Liza (after a fall and recovery at the ice rink)—Did you see how quick ah recovered mah equilibrium, Rastus?

Rastus—Golly, yas—almos' befo' ah noticed it was uncovered.—Hornet.

Students' Union) in The Gateway two weeks ago. I refer to the write-up on the proposed inter-class executive. This executive is to consist of the executives of all classes, and it is proposed that it shall have two members on the Council.

At present the Council consists of seventeen members, five of whom are faculty representatives. These members of the Council are just so much dead weight in that they never bring any business to the Council for consideration. The addition of two new members from the inter-class executive would necessitate the dropping of the five faculty representatives from the Council, as there are too many members on it now. Such an action would reduce the number of Council members, which is certainly advisable and desirable, and would give all members a reason for being on the Council. It would also facilitate the handling of class affairs. One object of the new executive is, we understand, to set a compulsory class fee. This is desirable from the standpoint of both the Year Book and the class executives.

It has been rumored that there should be an inter-faculty club executive and that this executive should have two representatives on the Council. It is to be doubted whether or not this executive would work as well as an inter-class executive. We doubt if it would. Then, again, an inter-club executive would involve discrimination, as some faculty clubs do not function.

We were very sorry to see the senior hockey team lose their game against the Crescents last week. It was a case of highway robbery as far as we can see. Referee Clarence Campbell must have been all jittery from his skirmish with the professionals the evening before.

The writer was in high dudgeon last Friday evening. A quiet evening at home with the radio had been planned, but alas, it was not to be. Our own dear little station, CKUA, was determined to have its night. It came in strong on its own wave length and then, filled with exuberance and what not, proceeded to bubble over and burst forth on two other wave-bands eighty kilocycles wide, practically accommodating the whole dial. We appreciate the spirit in which this was given, but deplore the fact that it was so misplaced. After all, we might wish to listen to some other program. We know that in future CKUA will attempt to hold herself down to her own wave-length.

The big debating splurge is over again, and our conquering heroes have returned. They have set an enviable record this year, and it is to be hoped that we may carry on the good work.

MILD
TO THE LAST
PUFF—LET'S SEE

YES—IT STARTS
OFF WELL...
NICE FLAVOUR
TOO.

SMOKES COOL AND
SMOOTH—RIGHT
THROUGH"
SORRY I DIDN'T TAKE
TO THIS BRAND BEFORE

MILD
TO THE LAST PUFF
THAT'S SO!

10 for 10c—20 for 20c
25 for 25c

Smoke
Buckingham
—and Smile

THE BEST
Varsity Tuck Shop
IN CANADA

THE RAINBOW ROOM
IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

WHY I SAID GOOD-BYE TO MABEL

By H. G. W.

Well, it all happened this way. You see, Mabel and I have been chumming around quite a good bit lately. In fact, we became downright pals, and it was smiling down town that Mabel and I were that way about one another. She was a mighty sweet little girl, was Mabel; and when I look back on it all, I wonder if I was right in telling her that our love affair was ended—that it was all over between us. Sometimes I wish that it had never happened—but it is too late now. Well, this is the way it came about.

Strange, y'know, how little unimportant things can get under your skin, but Mabel was always rubbing it in about my size. She used to kid me about people thinking I was her little brother. I'll admit that I'm no Tarzan, but when I stretch up to my full height I can look square into her Adam's apple, which is no mean feat in the best athletic circles. But it was mighty aggravating to have her always teasing me about my size. I feel kind of mean about giving her the gate, but a fellow has to have some independence. She even insisted on choosing my neckties, and, y'remember, she even made me cut off that swell little moustache I was growing last fall. That was going too far; a fellow has to put an end to that kind of thing.

But that wasn't the half of it. Yes, you guessed it. Her little brother Wilbur. My gosh, what a pest. When Mabel and I used to stay home nights, Wilbur would hang around and make a pesky nuisance of himself, and interrupt things, and get in our hair—you know how it is. Well, the first night I gave him a quarter to run off to bed, and the next night it was fifty shekels or he wouldn't budge. And pretty soon it was costing me more to stay at home for a quiet evening than it was for the two of us to paint the town.

Mabel's pa was a funny chap. He was pretty seedy and moth-eaten under his derby hat, but he showed quite an interest in me, which means that he must have had some sense. Well, one night he lent his new Buick to Mabel and me so that we could go to a pink tea in the other end of town. On the way home, I don't remember exactly just what happened, but as I was driving across the High Level Bridge the new chariot decided to get balky. The silly thing kind of swerved and skidded all over the bridge. The outcome of it all was that the car suffered from a smashed radiator, marcelled fenders, and fallen arches. I was very sorry about this accident, and that's just what I told Mabel's pa. He just grunted, and said that he was sure I was awfully sorry.

Ha! Ha! and then there was that time I had the run in with Mabel's ma. Once when the radio was turned on, Mabel and I were cavorting around the parlor in great style, clearing chairs and things with leaps and bounds. Anyway, Mabel's ma was trying to angle past us without being mortally wounded in the scramble, when what should I do but slip on the edge of the carpet. My feet went up sky-high and I came down

with a thump right on Mabel's ma, knocking her flatter than the parlor rug. And was my face red? And that wasn't all—Mabel's ma's best fern was smashed to smithereens. The plant was ruined and so was Mabel's ma. She lay on the chesapeake looking kind of white and deflated. Anyway, when she collected herself, I told her I was very sorry that the plant had been injured. She kind of sneered, and said she was sure my being sorry would help a lot. She didn't have to be so touchy about her blinkin' old plant.

Things were pretty bad between Mabel and me after this, but I was not the one to grumble. However, Mabel began to be out whenever I called, and this made me sit up and take notice. Finally, a few days later, what should I hear but that she had been stepping out with some drug-store sheik from downtown. That was the last straw. I decided to have a show-down right here and now.

Anyway, I put on my bonnet and shawl and dashed over to Mabel's house in a great state, all ready to give her a piece of my mind. Mabel wasn't home. So anyway I had a few words with her pa and me.

As soon as I arrived home I penned Mabel a little note telling her that I could never see her again, that my love for her was cold. And that was the end of that. Besides, her pa told me if I didn't get the hell out of there and quit hanging around his daughter that he'd take down his shotgun and blow some daylight into me.

Well, it is pretty tough on Mabel. She must be awfully broken up about it all. But I don't see what I can do about it now. She'll be broken-hearted, but she will get over it, I suppose. It is her loss and my gain anyway.

So that's how I said good-bye to Mabel.

SLEIGHING PARTY AT ST. STEPHEN'S

Ideal Weather Contributes to Success of Annual Event

Early this week a notice appeared announcing the annual St. Stephen's sleighing (not slaying) party, which would take place on Thursday evening. Each man was asked to bring a girl (preferably white). We are glad that so many men followed this advice.

So on Thursday evening of this week the usual quietness of the suburbs of our fair city was disturbed by the tinkling of sleigh bells and the riotous yelling of about thirty St. Stephenites and their lady friends. The weather was ideal for such an event. No one was bothered with the cold (naturally), as all the merry-makers were packed in the two sleighs like sardines. Boylan in one sleigh and McLaren in the other made big hits by the way they sang several light (?) operatic numbers. The Italian accent of the former was very commendable indeed. On several occasions the sleighs were cleared on account of poor sleighing surfaces, in which case the pushing powers of Jesperson and Darrah were aptly demonstrated. Two hours later the mirth-makers returned to the College, where they adjourned to the Assembly Hall for games, music and refreshments.

In the musical chair contest, in which every man, in order to gain a chair, had to have his partner sitting on his knee (just think of it!), McLaren and Helen McKenzie won quite handsomely, showing previous experience in this regard. The prizes were quite appropriate too! In the guessing card contest, Allan and Doris McWilliams were victors. We hear that Charlie intends visiting the children's ward of the hospital to see if he can find some practical use for the colorful prize he won. Delightful refreshments ensued, consisting of baked beans, brown bread, hot chocolate, cookies and ice cream. Ernie Rands once again showed that he is still the best cookie-pusher in St. Stephen's. A musical program followed, in which the College Quartette, consisting of Powell, Wellwood, J. Johnston and Jesperson, pleased with several renditions of mirthful melodies. Darrah accompanied on the piano. Group singing of popular and good old-time numbers followed, which ended the party.

The Literary Society, with Wellwood, MacIntyre and Darrah as the executive, handled all arrangements. All concerned expressed the opinion that the affair was a decided success.

Frosh Frolic Soon

Plans are being drawn up for a Fresh Frolic, which is to be held in Convocation Hall on Friday, February 17th. Every effort will be made towards the success of this party, and it is hoped that the crowd will be as large as the executive have planned for.

This party will provide the first opportunity to those who have paid their fees of reaping the benefit for having done so. A capital entertainment is being offered: a selection of snappy popular numbers by the Varsity Orchestra, excellent refreshments, novelties for everyone, and a splendid dance floor, especially prepared for the occasion. All this at the exceptionally low price of 50c per couple—35c for gentlemen, 25c for ladies.

Freshmen and Freshettes who are unable to find partners in our own class will be allowed to come with partners from other classes or from downtown. And if you can't find a partner, come anyway, and we will find one for you. Remember the date, February 17th.

CO-ED SPORT

In reviewing the Varsity-Gradette game, we feel as Napoleon must have felt after Waterloo. The total score was 64-14. If you want to know who had the 64, ask one of Varsity's players. They'll tell you—if you force them.

And ask Joe Kopta if she fully appreciates the shields on the radiators on McDougall's gym. If the radiators had not been equipped thusly, the janitors would now be picking Joe out of the steam heater.

The referee, Ian Sellers, must be congratulated on the speed with which he changes roles. In the second half for a few minutes he became water-boy for Helen Ford. Doris Calhoun evidently thought it was something rather more than water. She called for one too, and looked much disappointed when she got it. At any rate, we never before saw a water-boy with the polish and dignity of Mr. Sellers.

At times the game had to be stopped for the trivial but necessary purpose of tying shoe laces, etc. The referee looked on with the usual inebriated disdain of the male. The girls are enquiring for shoes with zippers.

A few spectators appreciated the ability of the quick-change artists, Mary and Margaret. They disappeared behind a convenient door to emerge in 64.5 seconds with their sweaters exchanged. The reason is given as follows: Marg was wearing one of last year's sweaters which was green and gold. But this year's are gold and green, and Marg must be adorned in the proper sequence—thus the scramble behind the door. We haven't properly digested this solution ourselves, but we are going to take time out to do so.

Well—the hockey league is over—all but the cheering and applause. And are we intending to cheer and applaud? Of course we are. No, we didn't win the league—no, we weren't even second; but practice by practice, game by game, and goal by goal we were getting better and better. Therefore we cheer.

Marg Moore says she does not really intend to trip people, but her stick is getting old and worn, and has little splinters all along the bottom. And then, you see, the little splinters stick in the ice and she can't move her stick, and some awkward person always manages to fall over it.

We are happy to say that the season has ended with no injuries to any one outside of a couple of black eyes and innumerable bruises. A sufficient number of bruises of course is necessary. It is by these that brave, fearless hockey players are distinguished from those who merely stand and scoff.

Everyone played hard on Saturday night. Who wouldn't, with such a lovely coach? But even at that we don't see why Marg overworked herself so much that she had to come looking for safety-pins when the game was half through.

Our old friend, "Blue-line" Mary, the Co-ed Sniper, appeared in the limelight again, too. She very cleverly scored the one and only tally that we have to our credit.

Gwen Manning wishes to announce that the ladies' hockey team hereby accepts the challenge of The Gateway staff to a battle next Thursday. The hour is not yet known—but watch the bulletin boards—and then watch the game—it's going to be good.

And we were also delighted to see that we had some supporters—three or four anyway. They stood around the delightful little stove in the penalty box (which, by the way, is unique among penalty boxes, being a little shanty), and they kept the stove all warm and lovely for the freezing players.

Another "Depression" Poem

"An optimist is out of date,"
We hear the wise ones say.
"Old Poverty has got us down,
Depression has his way."

"We'll hoard our shekels while we can,
We're glad to grab a meal."
And so they squeeze their pennies, till
Our good King George doth squeal.

We hear these pessimistic views.
We hear these tales of woe;
But do we try in any way
To make Depression "blow"?

Why surely not. We sit around
With other ginks like those
And darn well loaf away our time
Until the old cuss goes.

So let's take off our coats and vests,
And let's roll up our sleeves.
And let us say, "To hell with him!
Why wait until he leaves?"

"We're goin' to boost Depression out!
"We'll just tend to his case,
"And find out, once for all, who is
"The boss around this place!"

We'll get together, and we'll find
That there'll be means about
To arm us for the battle, to
Toss Old Depression out.

Two little urchins stood with their
Noses pressed against a barber shop
window.
"Gee, Mickey, look at that one!"
said one, pointing to a barber wield-
ing a singing taper; "he's lookin' for
em with a light."—Hornet.

CO-ED COLUMNS

This is not just another column. We are not in any way retiring into a pet corner of our own from which we might attempt to rival the virility shown by our brother columns. In short, we are not turning feminists or suffragettes, but are merely endeavouring to assemble parts into a whole. Co-ed news has always been dispersed throughout different sections of the whole paper. As an improvement, we consider than an organization and systematization of the material which is of particular interest to and written by the women students is advisable. To this end and to stimulate the active interest taken by the co-eds by encouraging their contributions to The Gateway, we have conned Co-ed Columns.

WIDE SCOPE FOR FEMALE TALENT

We see by the bulletin board that the Spring Play is chosen and cast, and there appears to be a grand opportunity for at least six would-be Druses. Last year feminine talent was thwarted in its ambitions—a case of quality rather than quantity. With the exception of the magnificent role of Jeanne d'Arc, there was only one other woman's part—a duchess, who merely appeared and remarked, "My dear! her hair," or words to that effect.

"See Naples and Die" is a clever comedy, a 1933 production—modern to its finger-tips. It deals with the complications arising when a group of cosmopolites assemble at a Neapolitan inn.

One glance at the leading female roles shows us we may expect an interesting performance.

The heroine is a beautiful American heiress, Nanette Dodge—the kind of person who wears gowns by Chanel and at the same time says "Oh yeah." June Allsopp has both the looks and ability to carry off this part.

Mary McMullen can always be relied upon for a brilliant performance, and in the role of Mitzi, the elder sister whose dubious past rises like an apparition, and gives motive force to the whole plot, she will have ample scope for her talents.

Then there is the wife of the innkeeper—an industrious Norwegian, whose housewifely activity contrasts strongly to her lazy Latin husband. Isabel Stewart will do ample justice to this part.

Perhaps the character which offers the greatest dramatic possibility is the Viennese girl, Kunie. She is a soulful, clinging bit of femininity, who needs the support of strong men. Mary Cadzow is in line to make a great showing in this part.

And then, just to give a homely, human, everyday touch to this conglomerate group, there is Mrs. Evans, a garrulous lady from the middle States. She is on her first visit to Europe and thinks that although Italy is "wunderful," give her the good old U.S. every time. After hearing Mary Duncan read this part in the try-outs, it begins to look as though the stage missed something the Law Faculty gained.

And last, but by no means least, there's an Italian vamp. She is only the innkeeper's servant and she only says "si-si," but that's enough. When she appears in her bare feet and carrying a water jug on her head in good old Roman style, the men simply

swbon away. This sort of thing proves that a snappy line is utterly superfluous if you've got the "goods." Anyway we wager Sara Yampoulsky will have to put in a lot of practice to get that jug to balance.

Every character is so entirely unique that the girls will have an excellent chance for individual interpretation, and if they can only master the varied accents it will be an interesting performance. The cast is well chosen and experienced, the director, Mr. Emrys Jones, is very able, and with such versatile opportunities as the roles afford, we can expect the Spring Play of '33 to be the equal, if not the superior, to any of its predecessors.

BENNETT HUSTLERS DEFEAT CO-EDS 2-1

Ladies' Hockey Team Loses Last League Game

The last league game in which the ladies' hockey team will appear took place on Saturday evening at Bennett Hustlers. Both teams were full of vim and vigor, and anxious to do all the scoring they could, so the game was fast and interesting.

The first goal of the evening was made by Phyllis MacNeil of the Hustlers in the first period. The struggle became even more intense then, and for the rest of the first and all of the second period, no scoring was done by either side. Mary Cogswell, Marg Moore and Nancy Evans were doing particularly good work all through, but the Hustlers were doing good work too.

In the last period Phyllis MacNeil broke through the defense line again and scored another goal. Then Mary Cogswell decided to even things up a little, and made a tally for the Varsity. And here the scoring ended, 2-1 for the Hustlers.

The league is over, and our hockey team certainly didn't win, but they have made marvellous improvement and played clean, sportsmanlike hockey all the way through.

The lineup for the game last Saturday was:
Forwards, Marg Moore, Mary Cogswell, Nancy Evans, Marg McBain, Gwen Manning, and Ruth Graham; defense, Marg Gibson, Pat McCarthy and Twig Horton; goal, Norma Christie.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

A religious revival always arouses an interest that extends far beyond the circles that are considered especially religious. But there is something unusually intriguing about a religious revival that is characterized by receptions in ritzy hotels, by tuxedo suits and evening gowns, by house parties filled with joy and laughter; a revival which makes its appeal largely to the wealthy and cultured classes, and includes among its leaders many university graduates and professors. Such is the Oxford Group Movement, which has recently stirred the cities of Eastern Canada as they have probably never before been stirred religiously. But that is just one side of the picture. The Oxford Group people believe in Sin. They take it very seriously. They believe repentance, and in restitution. They in the Will of God, in "guidance," in believe in complete dedication to whole-hearted Christian living, and they believe in winning others to a like dedication. They believe in "changed lives," and they believe in changing lives. The Oxford Group Movement is a thoroughgoing revival.

The present Oxford Group Movement is not a continuation of the first great "Oxford Movement" which originated in England one hundred years ago, and with which such names as those of Newman, Keble, and Pusey have been associated. The new movement is entirely different in aim and in method. The name "Oxford" is ill applied, for it was in America that the Movement really originated. The founder is Frank Buchman, once of Princeton University. While training for the ministry in Mount Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, an accusation of ambition by a fellow student stirred Buchman to put his religion to the test by choosing the most difficult quarter of the city in which to begin his work.

A series of crises in the year that followed brought to him a religious experience of such depth and intensity that he completely renounced everything evil in his life, and entered upon a career of winning others to a Christian surrender. The result was the founding of the Oxford Group Movement.

Buchman set out upon a relentless crusade to not only convince men of the truth of the Christian message, but to lead them to live it. The vitality of his message is such that wherever he has gone men have listened and lives have been changed. This crusade of winning men to out and out Christian living has taken Frank Buchman into many parts of the world, including China, South Africa and South America, as well as Europe. It was in China that he held the first of the "house parties" for which the movement has since be-

come famous. It is by means of such house parties, lasting sometimes for twelve days, that this energetic leader has obtained for his movement a firm footing among the university students of Oxford. It has been said that he is capturing the cream of the world's universities for vital Christianity. In many centres all over the world are groups of the men who have thus been changed and are now changing those whom they encounter. They are giving everything they possess for this work, and are asking no return. It is not an organization for which they work. "There is no membership. You can't join, you can't resign. You are either in or out by the quality of the life you live." The whole story is told in a fascinating way in the book "For Sinners Only," by A. J. Russell, a leading English journalist.

The work of spreading this vital interpretation of Christianity is carried on by teams or groups. It was such a group of about forty people who came to Canada in October, and have been visiting Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. Among the group are Professor Philip Brown of Princeton University; Dr. Grensted, Canon Theologian of Liverpool and Oriel Professor of Philosophy of Religion, Oxford; Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Firestone, of the tire industry, a number of South Africans, and young men and women graduates of Oxford, Recent reports state that the Group Cambridge and other universities. will visit Edmonton some time before the end of the University term.

Cop (to Sot, searching diligently under the lamp post)—What're you looking for?
Sot—Lost m' watch.
Cop—Where'd ya lose it?
Sot—Over there on the other side of th' street.

Cop—Well, why in h— are you looking for it over here?

St.—S'more light over here. — The Hornet.

A Friendly Chat From Cat to Cat

By Ann Zateat

A co-ed's corner is a new departure—and it seems that the men are fearful of the separation. Never mind, cream will rise!

Just imagine the wake of broken hearts that are a bloody stream after the voyage of conquest sailed by the H.M.S. Invincible debaters.
P.S.—H.M.S., Hot Men Speakers.

The days are lengthening again. Now perhaps the students will have time to sleep.

The Engineers are murmuring about forthcoming exams. But don't listen to them—they're always complaining about something.

The Aggies are putting on the Undergrad. That ought to be a hey! hey! party.

Judging by the "horses" played around here, the silly asses braying up and down the halls, the catty whippers, the young pups among the Frosh, the sheepish grins of Engineer students, and the mulish tendencies of certain unmentionables; we say, judging by all this, what a menagerie this Noah's Ark of an Arts Building turned out to be.

We'd like to know if experience is necessary to become a member of the Dorothy Dix (Exchange) department of The Gateway.

House Eccers may be half-baked, but they're not stewed nearly as often as the Meds.

We'd like to know: If Canada is off the Gold Standard, can S.C.M. count on the Golden Rule?

French playgoers are usually cross-eyed. This is a result of having to keep up an appearance of watching the play while closely scrutinizing the face of the nearest French prof, in order to know when to laugh.

We haven't yet decided whether this light comedy that the Dramat is producing is so called because of the blondes or because it's a lot of hot air.

What with the increased popularity of St. Joe's Tuck at noon and the blare of the radio, to be able to get seating accommodation is practically a case of musical chairs.

HOUSE EC. CLUB AT BRIDGE PARTY

Miss Patrick Entertains Senior Students

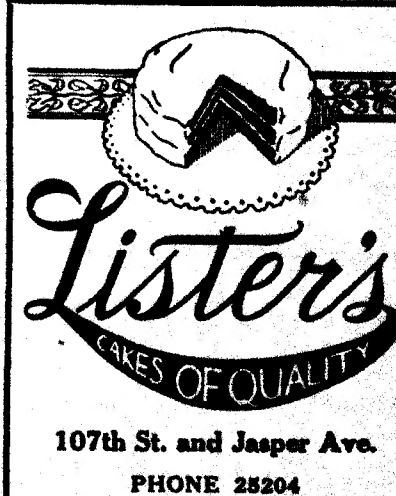
A delightful social event of the week was a bridge party given by Miss Mabel Patrick, of the Household Economics Department, to the senior students in the faculty. Members of the staff present were Miss Doyle and Miss Duggan.

Refreshments were served with the usual unexcelled standard customary at House Ec functions.

As a fitting climax to an entertaining evening, the honors for bridge went to Miss Lorrie Corneille.

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ACTION TAKEN RE STUDENTS ON OVERTOWN TEAMS

U. of A. Athletes to Stay On Own Side of River

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE RECOMMENDS THAT SENATE PASS RULING

The Senate Committee on Athletics met on Thursday afternoon to discuss the participation of students on teams outside the University. The matter was discussed from various angles by members of the committee and representatives of the various sports on the campus.

Neil Stewart gave a summary of the McConkey case, and told of the action of the Y.M.C.A. in breaking up a basketball league when the Men's Athletic Association forbade McConkey to play against a University team. He said it was generally understood that when a man entered a University he transferred his allegiance to the institution, and that the severing of old and making of new connections was one of the integral parts of University life.

President Wallace felt that possibly it was not fully impressed on students when they entered the University that they were under the jurisdiction of the Athletic Association. He did not wish any situation to arise in which a student was playing against representatives of his Alma Mater.

Dr. Wallace said that in such a case action by the University was regarded in the wrong light by over-town sports followers, and consequently placed the University in an awkward position.

He felt that a clause should be inserted in the University Calendar to define exactly the athletic status of students registered in the University.

Further discussion took place. Neil Stewart made a motion that the committee go on record as recommending to the Senate that no student attending the University be allowed to play on an outside team without special permission. The motion carried without further discussion.

The meeting also discussed the situation in Manitoba. Accountancy students are not fully recognized as such by Manitoba University authorities. In spite of this Manitoba in-

sists that they be allowed to play as such in intercollegiate games.

A committee consisting of the three prairie university presidents looked into the matter. Alberta opposed and Saskatchewan supported Manitoba's stand, Alberta taking the position that Manitoba must first give such students full student status.

SENIORS LOSE TO GRADETTES 64-14

Co-eds Lose to Overtowners in First Play-off Game

The Varsity senior girls' basketball team lost the first game to the Gradettes in the city play-offs at McDougall High School Wednesday night by a one-sided score of 64-14.

The game started with four baskets for the Gradettes. Varsity was fighting hard, but all to no avail. The Gradette score was mounting fast. Riley, Munton and Gordon were scoring in quick succession for the over-towners.

Jo Kopta scored Varsity's first basket near the end of the second period.

Varsity did a good deal of fouling. The Gradettes were missing free shots, but made up with shots that weren't free, or shouldn't have been. Cal Holmgren found the basket for Varsity's second score.

In the final period Doris Calhoun, Cal Holmgren and Lillian Carscadden scored baskets in quick succession. The Gradettes came right back to score their remaining baskets in the last few minutes of play.

The lineups:
Gradettes—Riley (12), Munton (14), Gordon (12), Northup (21), Dame (4), Ross (2).

Varsity—Cal Holmgren (4), Doris Calhoun (4), Helen Ford, Barbara Humphries, Mary Howard, Margaret Sutton, Jo Kopta, Lillian Carscadden (4), Kay Swallow, Margaret Dixon.

MEDS DEFEAT SCIENCE 3-1

Wins First Game of Playoff in B League

The Meds won the first game of a total goal series from the Science 3-1, Tuesday night in the B League play-offs. The Meds carry a two-goal lead into their next game on Saturday.

The game started off fast with the Science squad taking the offensive. McPherson put them in the lead when he circled the defence and scored on a hard shot to the corner, giving Goalie Fish no chance to save.

The Med team came to life, and led by McAdam they had control of the play for the rest of the game. McAdam tied the score on an individual effort before the end of the first period.

McAdam put the Meds ahead in the second period when he hooked the puck through the goalie's legs. After a passing bout between Nicol and Downey which took them to the mouth of the Science goal, Nicol drove the disc into the nets.

There was no scoring in the third period, but Goalie Meyers for the Science was called on to make some brilliant saves.

McPherson and Meyers were the pick of the Science, while the whole Med team worked well. McAdam was the best man on the ice.

Jack Badner handled the bell efficiently.

The lineups:
Meds—Fish, Nicol, Cawker, Yochim, McAdam, Bradley, Downey, Lee.

Science—Meyer, Woznow, Willis, McPherson, Roxborough, Hergert, Dworkin, Foster, Corbett.

INTERMEDIATE BOYS WIN FROM HORNETS

Rostrup and Richard Star for Varsity When Intermediates Beat Y Hornets 27-19

Getting off to an early lead, the Varsity intermediates took the Y Hornets into camp on Tuesday night in the upper gym to the tune of 27-19. The game opened fast with the Hornets taking the offensive, but they were soon forced to change over to defensive tactics, after Jim Rennie scored directly off a toss-in, when Olie Rostrup tossed one in from the tip-off, following it the next moment by a beautiful back shot which counted. With five minutes to go in the first half, the Hornets called time out, when both teams did some substituting. Play started again with both teams fighting hard, but no one had managed to find the hoop when the period ended, Varsity leading 14-9.

In the second half play was considerably rougher than in the first, and for some time the game was evenly divided between both teams, with Richard playing a wonderfully good defensive game, while Porter worked hard as guard for the Hornets. Finally, however, Bowland and Crawford began to click, and between them they scored three times in close succession. After that for

SWIMMING CLUB NOTICE

The swimming team to represent the University of Alberta in the Intercollegiate Meet against Saskatchewan will be chosen Wednesday, February 8, during the regular swim hours, 8:30-10:15.

All swimmers desiring to try for the team will be judged by their stop-watch performances. The divers will be selected by Coach Crockett.

The Intercollegiate Meet will be held February 18 at Saskatoon. Remember, every swimmers who wishes to try for the team must turn out to the time trials Wednesday, February 8.

University Now Out of Senior Hockey Playoffs

DEFEATED BY IMPERIALS 5-2—BURGESS STARS—GAME ROUGH AND FAST

Varsity lost their last chance to make the senior hockey playoff last night when they succumbed to the Imperials 5-2.

No apologies are necessary for Varsity's performance. Every one of the boys was right in there trying, and only the tough luck that has dogged Al Hall's proteges all season prevented Varsity from bagging what will probably be their last appearance.

Cruickshanks turned out for his first senior game, and worked like a trojan all through the game, and should have been good for a couple of goals. Burgess played by far his best game of the year, and scored both Varsity goals.

Judging from play last night it looks like next year might see Varsity with a team of championship calibre.

The game was rough and fast for the whole of the sixty minutes, with Grove taking the spotlight with four goals.

The first period was featured by narrow escapes at both ends. Goalie Maybank took the spotlight with two hair-raising saves from Moher, who, by the way, admitted he wanted a goal.

Munn found himself with a loose puck in front of the Imperial goal, but failed to capitalize on his opportunity. Grove scored his first goal unassisted on a lone raid.

The second period started out with a rush by Hall and Burgess and McConnell. They got right through, but lost the puck in a scramble at the goal-mouth. Another Varsity rush ended in the same lethargic fashion.

While three Varsity players were

AGS LOSE DECIDING BATTLE TO ARTS 2-0

"Red" Brodies Stars When Arts Win Last Game of Series

The Ag-Pharm-Com hockey team lost their chance of a play-off berth when they dropped their last scheduled encounter of the season to the league-leading Arts aggregation 2-0. In losing the Ags displayed little of their true strength, being clearly out-classed after an even first period. The Arts squad, on the other hand, playing with an inspired confidence, finished the schedule without suffering a loss.

In the initial period the Ags matched strides with their opponents, but no scoring was recorded. The second frame, however, had a distinct Arts tinge, with a series of attacks on the Ag goal. "Red" Brodie put the Arts in the lead when he sailed in from the left boards to pick the upper right-hand corner, and to give Scotty Campbell no chance to save. This effort lowered the Ags' colors very considerably.

In the final frame the Ags threw abandon to the wind, sending four men up in a desperate attempt to equalize, but the defensive was too strong for them to penetrate. Brodie broke away along with Jennijohn, and after a passing bout, Red deposited the disc in the net for his second tally of the game. The Ag goal had several close calls in the closing stages when Donovan, Darragh, Brodie and Borgal all missed open goals in succession. McElroy received a nasty face gash in a clash with Badner.

The offensive of the Ags was ineffective throughout. Squib Thomson was the best man in Ag uniform. As a result of the Ag loss, the Arts and Science play off for the championship cup next week.

Arts: Blair, Shipley, Borgal, Brodie, Jennijohn, Darragh, Donovan, Badner.
Ags: Campbell, G. Thomson, McElroy, Canty, Dewis, Thomson, Seminiuk, Ruzicka.

some time the game was ragged, until Rus Rennie slipped up and found the hem, a trick which he repeated a moment later, making it count also. From then on both teams seemed to have less trouble in finding the cast-iron ring. With one minute to go Varsity called time out, during which there was some more substitution, but the half ended before the fresh men had time to show their stuff.

The game was handled by Elmo Fletcher and Mert Keel.

The lineups:
Varsity—Bowland (4), Rostrup

piled up behind the Imperial goal, Grove went up again and scored another unassisted goal, and added his third for good measure.

The third period had a distinct Varsity tinge, with Burgess playing the stellar role. On several occasions he unleashed a hard drive at Cameron, but that worthy was not to be fooled, until there were only three minutes left. Roxborough and Grove scored when Varsity was short a man. Burgess scored twice in the dying moments, when Varsity had the Imperials tied up behind the blue line, and the game ended 5-2.

The lineups:
Varsity—Maybank, Hall, Burgess, Munn, Kinnear, McConnell, Cornet, Cruickshanks, Ford, and Gordon.

Imperials—Cameron, Talbot, Grove, Moher, Collingwood, Bowen, Roxborough, Jones and Esdale.

SHARPSHOOTER



GUY KINNEAR

Stellar center man for the senior team, who again crashes into print by leading Varsity scorers in the senior league tables. Guy not only has score more goals than any other of the Varsity players, but he stands fourth in the league standing, which is good going for a player on a tail-end team.

HENDERSON SQUAD SHOWING UP WELL

Mert Keel Leads Scoring—Look Good for Provincial Title

In the two games already played by the Varsity senior basketball team under the coaching of Arnold Henderson, they have shown great class, and from the look of last Saturday's game against the Calgary Moose Domers they should be able to carry off the provincial title this year. Nevertheless with this year's new ruling, the game seems conducive to rough play, and the boys thus far have run up a total of twenty penalties against them, an amount that will certainly have to be cut down. The scoring standing to date is as follows:

Henderson	4
Fenerty	5
Keel, M.	55
Keel, G.	17
Anderson	2
Pullishy	12
Donaldson	13
Wood	7
Crawford	2
Bowland	0

INTERFAC BASKETBALL LEAGUE STANDING

	P	W	L	Pts.
Meds.	2	2	0	4
Sci	2	2	0	4
Ags	4	2	2	4
Arts	4	1	3	2
P-C-L	2	0	2	0

(6), Smith (2), Burke (2), Graham (2), Jackson (2), Cherrington, Kramer (2), Imrie, Richard (2), Crawford (5)—total 27. Penalties, 6.

Hornets—Plowman (5), Mitchell, J. Rennie (4), Bull, R. Rennie (4), Martell, Porter (2), Munroe (4)—total 19. Penalties, 7.

Varsity Defeats Moose Domers 34-31

WIN FIRST GAME AGAINST CALGARY IN CLOSE STRUGGLE
GAME FEATURED BY PERSONAL FOULS

Varsity made an auspicious start in senior basketball by defeating the highly-advertised Calgary Moose Domers in the upper gym last Saturday night by a score of 34-31. The game was featured by over-anxious shooting and personal fouls. Varsity, in spite of a few adverse decisions, matched the more seasoned southerners score for score, and finally emerged on the long end.

SATURDAY'S GAME PLAY BY PLAY

Varsity got the benefit of the first tip-off, and Mert Keel missed his first try, but came right back to make the first tally of the game from a pass close in. The Moose Domers were passing wildly, but suddenly struck their stride. Olson picked a rebound off the back board and slapped it in. Time out was called by Calgary when C. Dick received a knee injury, and N. Olson went in at right guard.

The game was under way again. Buzz Fenerty snatched a rebound and passed through to Mert, who piled in another one from the foul line. The ball was passed back and forth with Henderson and Pilling doing their stuff to intercept fast passes, when all at once Buzz slipped in and chalked up a counter off a fast rebound. Both teams were after the rebound, but Malcolm, lanky centre man for the Moose Domers, in the next play got the ball and scored. Calgary was on the offensive and tried several times, but the ball could not find the hoop. The whistle screeched as the first foul was called on Addie Donaldson, but L. Olson missed his gratis throw. Pilling eased under a long fast pass and dropped the ball through to bring the score to six all.

Henderson was on the ball following the tip-off, and Ad flipped a long high one from way out, and he got a big hand from the crowd. Mert tried for one under the hoop, but missed. He soon made amends, however, by bulging the hem with a short shot from Henderson's pass. The Moose resumed activities, with Olson's fast one from under the basket, and this was offset by a long shot of Henderson's. In a mix-up Pilling piled on Buzz, who nonchalantly made his point. Soon after Gordon Keel wafted down the floor to receive Henderson's pass, and lifted it into the basket. Buzz, not to be outdone, intercepted a pass near centre floor to hammer it home. The boys are sure hot on the long ones. Calgary got the ball, and N. Olson pulled off a difficult shot by settling one in from his corner. Three minutes from half-time Calgary called time out to talk things over.

Play resumed with V. Woods at guard for Fenerty. Mert and Addie went down the floor with nice combination play, and Addie piled it in from under the basket. Henderson fouled Pilling, and the long Calgary forward made his throw count. Following the toss-up, A. Dick ambled up from left guard to make one amid the ear-ringing chorus of the Varsity team. Vee tried a long shot and missed. The ball was on its way into Calgary territory when the half-time whistle sounded.

The second stanza opened with Pilling dribbling the ball, following the toss-up, which Henderson removed from him. Vi Woods on his way to score was checked twice for personal fouls in rapid succession. The firm of Olson and Olson only netted one point as the result of Woods' erring ways. Fouls were called on Henderson and Donaldson, but the Domers could not cash in on the hand-outs. Pullishy came on the floor when Donaldson was checked out for four personal fouls, and after the next play Varsity called time out, and Fenerty came back on for Woods.

Play was under way again, and N. Olson picked off a rebound, and in one smooth motion rolled it over the hoop. Mert Keel then snatched his

own rebound to tally one, and in the next play picked a pass direct from the tip-off to ante the count another two points. The game was wide open, and the two teams were mixing it up. Calgary got the ball, and Malcolm's shot eased through the twine for the Moose Domers. Gordon Keel's free throw and Pullishy's basket off a rebound brought the score to a tie again, 22-22.

Shortly after the toss-up Pilling was messed up, and limped from the floor, with C. Dick taking his place. Soon after Buzz tried his specialty, a long shot, and made it. The Keel brothers pushed up the marker, with Gordon shooting one over his head from a lovely pivot and Mert following immediately after with his contribution of another basket. Calgary had a technical foul called when they called another time out, which exceeded the number allowed. Pilling came back in, and in the next mix-up Henderson and L. Olson are called for a double foul, with Olson making his shot count. Again the Keels came to the fore with Mert and Gordie both scoring. Henderson left the floor via the four personal fouls. Vic Woods took his stand at guard position. The Domers waxed hot, with Malcolm slapping in a rebound and N. Olson scoring off a hot pass.

L. Olson, evidently refreshed by the respite when Varsity called time out, picked off a rebound to score on the first play. Anderson came on for Woods, when Vic was retired for his fourth foul. L. Olson made one free throw and missed the other. Gordon Keel took the ball from the tip-off and made a beautiful throw from the centre of the floor, and the crowd roared with appreciation. Bowland went in for Anderson with less than a minute to go, but the final whistle came in before either team had got into shooting position.

The lineups:
Varsity—A. Henderson (2), R. Fenerty (5), V. Woods, M. Keel (10), A. Donaldson (4), G. Keel (9), W. Pullishy (4), R. Anderson, J. Bowland, H. Richard—total 34.
Moose Domers—A. Dick (2), C. Dick, C. Malcolm (7), L. Pilling (3), L. Olson (7), N. Olson (12), R. H. Thorn—total 31.
Referee—Porter.
Umpire—Rennie.

GATEWAY GRIZZLIES TO PLAY CO-EDS

Literary Talent Lined Up Against Wauneitas for First Work-out

The Gateway Grizzlies are making their first appearance of the season at Varsity rink next Thursday against the co-ed hockey machine. The puck will be centered off some time Thursday night between Marg Moore, co-ed captain, and Miss Margaret E. Moore, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway.

"Gee, dear, with a moon like that, there are only two things to do and I don't feel like writing poetry."
—The Hornet.

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Know ye, therefore, by these presents that that raffish band of fellows known as the Students' Council and led by Skipper Art Wilson, hereby challenge "The Gateway Grizzlies" to cross hockey clubs in mortal combat on a date and place yet to be ascertained.

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THE GODS LAUGH

By Harvey W. Johnston

The sitting-room, already excessively hot, seemed to have become several degrees hotter as I listened to Maurice Martinique give vent, for the fourth time that day, to his overwhelming despair. The fading light of the afternoon touched one side of his well-cut but unshaven face as he sat by the window, and threw into relief the bitter lines of eyes and mouth. His facial muscles and slightly pointing lips worked in unison as he spoke with deep feeling.

"It's a good thing you came." He labored over each word as if he held a plum in his mouth. "I should have been a goner by this time if you hadn't."

His hands tightened and his prominent brown eyes grew wild, while a flush mounted his hollow cheeks. "Spenser," he gasped, "I hear them again. . . Why don't they shut up? Their infernal laughing is unlimbing me—is turning my bones to hosiery!"

He stared out of the window a moment, and turning suddenly to me, cried in a more fluent voice: "I tell you it is more than I can bear. Please tell me I will not be deaf always. What with this racket and pain in my head, I am ready to believe anything you tell me. Didn't the doctor hold out any hope?"

I tore out a sheet from my "memo" book on which I had scribbled several words and gave it to him. He looked at the scrap of paper at first with a lack-lustre expression, but in a second his eyes fixed up madly. "Bear up!" he shrieked, as he took to his feet and flourished his fists. "Bear up! That's all you people can talk of!"

"If you had been pitched into a soundless world—acres and acres of silence—battered off from outside things by walls a hundred feet thick, and then all at once deafened by a thousand jeering fiends who make day and night fire-red torture with their laughter—you would not talk of bearing up. Pah!"

Martinique laughed savagely, and began to stomp up and down the room, his short portly figure assuming grotesque angles in the evening light.

After taking half-a-dozen turns or so, he stopped before me in a calmed mood.

"You know, Spenser, I sometimes think those fiends are getting back at me for some of my past acts. But that is nonsense! Isn't it, Spenser? No man with red blood in his veins ever rolls back his past with regret. At least I WON'T!"

He lurched sideways, feeling his head and groaning.

Gently I took him by the shoulders and set him in a stuffed armchair. "Take this," I pleaded, at the moment forgetting his infirmity, and gave him a glass of brandy. Trembling slightly, he downed it, and with a sigh rolled back and closed his eyes.

He opened them again as I was writing another message. He held out his hand for the slip of paper.

As he began to read the veins swelled out from his forehead.

"Salvation Army and Edgar Guest twaddle," he announced angrily, and in a gust of passion rushed snarling at me, causing me involuntarily to "cover up."

"Tell me, will you, I should feel glad I'm no worse," he shrieked as he jabbed at the air in front of my face. He leaned towards me threateningly. "Others have pulled through my trouble, eh? What do you know about what I'm suffering? Did these men you speak of so glibly—did they lose all that mattered in life?"

His shaking hand grasped my shoulder, making a chill breeze shoot down my back. "Were they musicians who had lost their hearing? Answer me that."

Almost as suddenly as he had risen he staggered back into his chair, and fell to sobbing, his head buried in his hands.

"I must be obsessed," he moaned. "Standing you are right—it's time I went to bed."

"Give me a shot from that hypo

the doctor left, before I go. I must quiet the din in my head."

In a short time I had tiptoed from the bedroom of my poor friend, who lay in a stupor not so dull that it did not shut out the unhappy thoughts which sought expression in the mumbblings and writhings of his lips. As I walked downstairs and regained my chair in the sitting-room, in humming-bird fashion my thoughts hovered over the events which, to my mind, had a bearing on Maurice Martinique's present plight.

First came the scene in the dressing-room of the Forum Theatre one night two weeks before. Martinique had just come off the stage with the noise of applause still loud in his ears. The famous pianist and composer was in high fettle.

"Spenser," he was saying—for he would insist on calling me by my surname—"if anyone should drop in and ask you, tell them Maurice Martinique still has some of the old fire left. It's not dying out for a while yet—not when I can lay them flat in the aisles as I did tonight. And that march I composed four years ago . . . how that went over!"

He clapped me on the back ecstatically. "Why, what's the matter, Spenser? Why do you look so solemn?"

"Well—I was just thinking . . . I hesitated."

"Come on! Out with it!" he encouraged jovially.

"Why don't you compose some more pieces like the Ypres March?" I asked. "That's the kind of work you were cut out for—stuff that will be played long after you're buried. Whereas now you are only a pianist interpreting the works of—"

He interrupted me in his quick

excitable way. "I know what your gad-fly is—I've heard it before. You want me to dudge with pen and ink and sweat and fume over some dinky lines and crochets. That would be all right if I could not make a living from playing the scores of other men. It is easier to fulfill engagements contracted for in advance than to retch and gripe over compositions which turn out to be a patch-work of all the tunes one has ever heard."

"Let's forget about it, then," I smiled good-humoredly. "Put on your coat and we'll go home."

That ride—will I ever forget it? It is made of the stuff that dreams are made out of. A somnabulist's trance lies over the whole. The sickly smoke from Martinique's cigar, the clink of the chains, and the suck and rasp of the tires on the wet asphalt, the silence of my companion, who kept vigilant eyes on the running circle of glistening pavement—all this was a fitting prelude to what followed.

It came as a glare of head-lights, the squeal of tortured brakes, a great lurch, the rending of metal, and last of all—Roman candled oblivion.

Waking up to an impression of intense whiteness, I learned from a nurse that I had been in a car accident, but had escaped with only a few cuts. Martinique, on the other hand, was badly gashed about the head and was still unconscious.

Six hours later he came to, and it was then we learned that he was stone-deaf. The concussion had affected the auditory centre of his brain.

In the course of a few days I visited him. "Spenser," he pleaded, as he sat propped on his pillow, "you must help me adjust myself, for I feel a strange madness stealing over me. You must come to my home as soon as I get out. . . Oh, my head, Pain-racked, he fell back."

Having come to the end of my melancholy chain of thought, I went to Martinique's den in search of a book with which to while away the time. For the last two nights I had made it my duty to remain dressed so as to be at hand in case Martinique broke out in one of his spells of frenzy.

Standing in the unfamiliar apartment, my eyes questing for the book-case, I was drawn by an array of firearms that hung from a leather holster, and instantly formed the resolve to keep the room locked in the future. Coming closer, I noted that the leather backing to one of the loops was free of dust.

A slow spasm crossed my stomach, and without troubling to get a book I hastily left the room, and stole up the stairs to Martinique's bedroom.

He was breathing lightly, and as I opened the door he muttered, "Stay out." I shrugged my shoulders wearily, and rejected as silly the idea I harbored. I did not even notice that the "hypo" had not been as effective as usual.

I went to my bedroom, where I quickly fell asleep in the armchair, yet with my subconscious mind keyed for the knock on the wall—our pre-arranged signal.

I awoke later with a peculiar sense of the uncanny! I had just had a nightmare about my charge. At that moment I heard the sounds that must have induced it—apish gibbering and the stealthy step of sneakers.

In a few bounds I was through the door and at the head of the stairs. I was in time to see Martinique disappearing through the front door. Fear-driven feet hurled me down the stairs and into the clear, moon-drenched night.

Martinique was halfway down the walk. Stopping for an instant, he tossed a crooked object into the flower-bed and started off for the centre of the city, his head turning neither to left nor right.

As I searched hastily for what he had discarded, I heard his feet patter rapidly down the street.

Finally I brought to light a revolver holster.

My worst suspicions confirmed, I took after him with redoubled vim. But owing to the shadows that lay across the street, I did not sight him until he was about to turn into the public park.

Aware of the danger of approaching him suddenly, I deemed it wiser to follow him unobserved, and if circumstances demanded it, taking him by surprise and disarming him.

Following this plan, I followed him along the gravel driveways and forest paths until he stopped abruptly beside a fountain, and lifted his aristocratic head to the moon, for all the world as if he were going to bay. Thereupon he began to mutter and jabber and move his hands about in frantic gestures, once even pressing them to his head.

Then, without warning, he darted off in the direction of my hiding-place, in seeing me he stopped, and moved his lips indecisively, then drawing out a revolver, said shortly, "Get home."

I was not long in getting out of range. But despite my inward chill, I did not cease to follow him.

Now he was more wary, and kept on casting glances behind him; but by dint of keeping in the shadow of the trees I managed to keep out of sight.

Seemingly to weary of the park, he took to the street again, walking now with quick, jerky strides, which betokened a definite purpose in mind.

Nor was I very long in learning what it was. From the shadow of a bungalow I saw him unlock the stage-door of the Forum Theatre, where he had played so often, and disappear inside.

After due consideration, I went to the lobby door, which streamed light from within, and knocked. After explaining the nature of my mission to the caretaker, who knew me, I went into the partly darkened auditorium.

On both sides of me stretched ranks of seats, faintly lighted. Up on the stage in a cascade of illumination shed by a floor-lamp, idly strumming the grand piano, sat Maurice Martinique. After doing this for several minutes, he stopped and allowed his head and shoulders to slump; his arms hung by his sides; his lips moved.

Catching himself up after a moment, he commenced to play a Russian lament, a dolorous thing through which whistled and groaned gigantic sorrow—wings of defeated ambition, remorse of the living dead.

A tight-pent sigh escaped beside me, and I saw that the caretaker had crept in.

"That's terrible—so terrible it gives me the creeps," he whispered. "Don't move around," I warned him.

Presently the musician allowed the thundering chords to subside into throbbing silence. He meditated a moment. Then with a violent change of mood he leaped up and commenced to pace back and forth like a caged beast; moans and gibberings passed his lips. At last he came to a stand in front, and pawed his hair.

"I can't stand it," he groaned aloud. "Are they trying to drive me insane? Why don't they leave me alone?"

His body stiffened and his hands clenched. "No! I will not give in. There must be a way out," he rasped. With this he flung himself onto the piano bench, and brought his hands down in a magnificent discord.

Disjointed at first, a melody took form—a wild, exultant pean filled with the breathings of human courage in the face of the crushing forces of nature. Like a restless Niagara it bespoke man's consciousness of a strength greater than his own on which he could lean.

Like his rhapsody, Martinique too seemed to have taken on gigantic stature, and was rolling around in paroxysms of creation.

The caretaker leaned over. "Blasphemy," he breathed. "I'm standing no more of this!"

"Sit still," I hissed, for at that moment Martinique had started on a new phase of his great indictment. It began as a sly snigger, built up into a chorus of laughter and ended on a crescendo of hellish guffaws.

While the last volleys were yet vibrating, Martinique jumped to his feet, and I saw with a spasm of fear that in his hand he held the revolver. Slowly and inexorably he raised it until it was level with his temple.

For ages, it seemed, the weapon hung poised. Then with a swing of his arm, Martinique tossed it among the seats, where it went off with a deafening report.

Then the man on the stage started to laugh, weakly and feverishly at first; then, as he gathered momentum, vastly and sardonically.

The clutch on my sleeve, of which I had been conscious since the shot, grew tighter, and a frightened voice stammered, "This is too rich for me! He must be clean batty. Me to get away from that lunatic!"

"Shut up, you fool," I whispered. "If you value your hide don't do anything to attract his attention."

I put out my hand to restrain him. But with much cursing and flailing of arms he broke away and ran down the aisle to the lobby.

As he passed through the curtains the theatre lit up for an instant.

For the past minute I had been conscious that the laughter on the stage had stopped.

Suddenly Martinique's voice called out: "Who is that? Is that you Spenser? For pity's sake, don't go without me."

And with an impetuous step he sunk through the air and toppled to the floor, and lay in an inert heap.

A short time after he opened his eyes on my knee, and smiled. "I'm all right now," he said softly. "That fall was good medicine. I can hear your watch ticking. . . And those devils have stopped their mocking. I suppose I ought now to laugh at them in real earnest."

But he didn't.

"I don't like that chap," said the co-ed as she applied the cold cream.

—The Hornet.

A THANKLESS OCCUPATION

By W.C.

Numerous incidents have occurred of late which have brought the above-mentioned subject to mind. It is only natural that men and women should meet and enjoy life together, and there is no reason to put these pleasures to one side until college life is through. There are many activities that are conducted by the college, but these are inadequate for the majority, and additional pleasures are sought in overtown dances, moving pictures, etc.

The question might be asked, "Who pays for these pleasures?" In the present day and order of social life it is the man who pays. If a boy takes a girl out to a moving picture, treats her to a late supper or tea, and finds that the usual methods of transportation are not available owing to the lateness of the hour, a taxi must be called. Now, the cheapest outlay for an evening of this type, which is perhaps a small one at that, is going to cost the boy at least \$2.00. Judging from that expense and the other smaller expenses that occur throughout the week in the matter of cigarettes, papers, etc., a second evening is in all probability out of the question.

But again, it might be asked: "How does this involve the parties above mentioned?" Many boys who are fortunate enough to have girl friends overtown, are occasionally, if the girl has any consideration for the boy, asked to come over and spend an evening playing bridge, or what have you. After attending a moving picture or a dance, the girl may ask the boy to come up to the house, listen to the radio, and help hunt in the ice-box. Here is where the Pembinites and others fall down. It might be admitted that they have not the opportunities to follow the suggestions in the above, but we can't help that. So it can easily be seen where the hard part comes in for the boys. After taking a Pembinitie out you say good-night and she says thanks for the lovely time. This same girl goes out the next night

and goes through the same performance. It is not unusual for a Pembinitie to go out four or five times a week, each time with a different boy, unless one boy can stand the financial strain more than once.

Just put yourself in the place of the boy who somehow cares enough about a girl to desire her company, and so contributes to her enjoyment by asking her out. Doesn't it gratify you to find out that the girl you took out last night is going out tonight and tomorrow night with different boys. To entertain a girl who is going out continually and enjoying the same pleasures night after night gives one the feeling that what he contributes is of little avail to her happiness, unless her happiness consists in going out as much as possible.

In this particular year, Varsity students have had considerable difficulty in raising funds to attend University, and such spending money as they have is limited as it has never been before. The girls, for the most part, are sent to University by their parents, and in many cases their allowances exceed that of the boys. It would not seem right to keep these girls from going out, but it might be suggested that they aid in the financial disbursements of those boys that they care for most, or those that constitute a steady. In this manner, the number of evenings out with the same boy may be increased.

The idea in taking a girl out is not to see how much fun you can get out of spending money, but it is because you like the company of the girl. Varsity boys are not like travelling salesmen, who have a girl in every town. Our associations are more permanent. For a boy to lead a double life means that he has a double expenditure.

No matter how you look at it, the problem of dating Pembinites and others is a thankless job. It is hoped that no offense be taken to this article, as it is merely citing the difficulties presented and the probable methods of overcoming these difficulties.

IN THE HOTEL

(An answer to the Question, "Is Our Civilization Slipping?"—Not inserted by the Liquor Control Laddies.)

If you have time. You can.

Have such fun. In the hotel.

And. Really. You can make.

Observations. Which are.

Interesting. Really. And.

As you. Wash yourself. At.

The hotel. Sink. You marvel.

Really. At Life. And if.

You have known. Love. And.

Have. Suffered. Then. In.

The hotel. You can. Understand.

Things. Really.

Take. For instance. That.

Is. For example. Jack.

And Bill. And Mike. They

Sit. In nize. Big. Leather

Chairs. All day. By the

Windows. And they watch.

The race. Or maybe. The races.

Of men. Go by. Or go buy.

(I made. A pun!) And they.

That is. Jack. And Bill.

And Mike. They see.

Things. Really.

It is so nize. For Jack.

For Bill. For Mike. That

Is. It is nize for. All.

Of them. In the hotel.

Because. In the hotel.

They don't. Work. Much.

That is. Jack. And Bill.

And even. Mike. Can sit.

All day. Beside. Nize. Tall.

Greek. Vases. Which.

In the morning. Shine.

Like gold. And the French.

They have. A name. For

A Greek. Vase. Like gold.

Beside Jack. And Bill. And

Mike. And the name. Is

Nize. And. Romantic. It

Is. Susp d'Or. Or some-

Thing. Which. When you

Think of. It. That is. If

You have. Known Love.

And suffered. Then. When

You think. Of. It. That

Is a. Pretty name. Isn't

It? Really.

And. In the. Morning.

Men come. From the.

Brewery. And. Bubbling barrels.

Of. Babbling beer. Slosh.

And splash. Nize kegs. Outside.

The hotel windows. And Jack.

And Bill. And Mike. They.

Smile. They. Understand. They

Have known. Love. And have.

Suffered. And so. When the.

Beer sloshes. They understand.

Things. Really.

And while. They sit. Maybe.

Mike. And Bill. And Jack.

Discuss. Things. And.

When. They. Discuss things.

Naughty words. Like gosh.

And darn. Or even.

Boloney. Come from. Their

Lips. Because. You see.

Mike. And Bill. And Jack.

Haven't a. Mother's. Loving

Care. And besides. They have.

Loved. And have. Suffered. Really.

And. In the hotel. At night.

When the. Lights. Come on.

Bill. And Mike. And even. Jack.

Still sit. And smoke. And

Chew. Gobs of. Old. Chum.

And discuss. Things. And

Maybe. They. Have their. Exercise.

That is. They walk. To the

Parlor. And stop. The beer.

Sloshing in the. Barrels. By.

Taking the. Beer. Out of the.

Barrels. Yes. They understand.

Things. Really.

—UNION OF GATEWAY HACK WRITERS.

Co-eds at Vassar Laugh Five Ways

New York, N.Y.—Five articulations are sufficient to cover the range of human laughter, says Polyxene Kambourpoulou, who has taken up the question of "individual sense of humor" quite seriously.

"Hee-hee" conveys "the hiss and sneer of a trickishly gained victory."

"Hey-heh" is "characteristic of the gallant victor who enjoys a pure-hearted laugh."

"Hoo-hoo" is expressive of "contempt at a worsted wretch who is now at our mercy."

"Ho-ho" is a scoff of self-exultation, and "ha-ha" marks "disgust."

—McGill Daily.

ties. It might be suggested that these readers for overtown seriously consider the way they are conducting themselves in this respect, and govern themselves accordingly. These outsiders are also open to criticism in the manner of treating boys, and should bear in mind the true meaning of dates, and aid the boys in finding pleasure by acknowledging the good times that the boys show them in something other than mere book-learned phrases.

Take the boys in your homes, have a game of bridge, put a jig-saw puzzle together, hunt through the ice-box, and aid in cutting down expenses. Show that you have a heart, and that it is in the right place. Open your homes or your pocketbooks, or both. The money you make the boys spend doesn't help you any.

"McGILL"

By G. W.

The first term is nearly at an end, and so I might tell you something of activities at McGill. It is unfair to compare McGill and Alberta, but the differences between the two universities are interesting.

Our University of Alberta is a product of the present generation, and so looks always ahead. But McGill had its beginning with many other long-established Canadian institutions, and is becoming old enough to have some traditions and history to look back on.

The University is very centrally located. The Roddick Gates lead off from a very busy thoroughfare, and the road passes through two playing fields to McGill College. Around these campus fields are grouped some of the buildings, while others extend to the base of Mount Royal and part way up its slopes. A view from the "mountain" is partly obscured by the many trees which surround the colleges and buildings.

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Chemistry Club Hears Talk On Anti-Knock Compounds

INTERESTING PAPER GIVEN BY MR. M. MacLEOD ON THE CHEMISTRY OF DETONATION AND THE OCTANE RATING OF GASOLINE

The Chemistry Club was given a talk by M. MacLeod at the regular meeting on Wednesday on compounds used as "anti-knocks" in gasoline.

Mr. MacLeod began his talk by comparing the chemical and physical properties of several gasolines, such as their color, sulphur content, corrosive capacity, octane rating, etc.; followed with an explanation of the desirable qualities in gasoline as a motor fuel.

The speaker went on to explain the "knock" in an engine due to fuel only and exclusive of knocks caused by mechanical condition or design. Detonation is caused by the striking of a flame front travelling at a high rate of speed against the cylinder walls. This wave travels at a speed of between three and four thousand feet per minute, and occurs when the critical temperature has been exceeded.

The conditions that control detonation for any fuel in a given engine are the compression ratio of the engine, the ignition advance, air to fuel ratio of the carburetted mixture, and the water jacket temperature. As the compression is increased, the tendency to knock is increased; ignition advance over a certain point, usually about 25 degrees of crankshaft travel, increases the knocking; that the air to fuel ratio reaches a high knock point at about 16 to 1 by weight, dropping off on either side of that value; and knock ability increases with the water jacket temperature. On any car, the only control the operator has of these conditions is the spark advance and the choice of fuel. Certain new cars have what is called an "octane selector." This is in reality only a manual control of the range of advance covered by the automatic advance. The speaker was doubtful as to whether the device had any great practical advantage.

Discussing the chemical aspect of knocking, the theory was given that during the end of the compression and during the power stroke the oxygen present reacted to form peroxides. These peroxide groups became high temperature points due to an exothermal reaction, and thus caused knocking. The detection of aldehydes in the exhaust gases was evidence to bear out this theory. If a compound was added that would prevent the formation of these peroxides, it would stop knocking. This is the action of such compounds that have anti-knock abilities. They are in reality anti-catalysts, that is, they slow down the speed of reaction.

The molecules forming gasoline associate themselves in chains, and as these chains increase in length the anti-knock qualities of the gasoline they form increases. Side chains also improve the octane rating, the methyl to a greater extent than the ethyl. As the molecular weight of the aromatic constituent of gasoline increases, the rating of the fuel is also increased, but as the molecular weight of the naphthenes increases the opposite effect is produced. A fuel with a large percentage of aromatics has a better rating than one

where the naphthenes are higher.

The efficiency of an internal combustion engine is very much decreased by knocking. In tests made by the Ethyl Corporation on a popular make of car, an increase in acceleration of 11 per cent. was obtained by using a fuel "doped" with an anti-knock as against the same fuel without it. For comparing the fuels, a single cylinder engine is used. Attached to the combustion chamber is a device known as the "bouncing pin." With the engine set to run at a constant speed with fixed throttle opening, fixed ignition advance and a set jacket temperature, the pin is not affected unless the engine detonates, when the pin is bounced up by the knocking. The lift of the pin closes an electrical circuit in which is a cell for the electrolysis of water. By excessive pressure developed in measuring the amount of gas given off by this cell the amount and severity of the detonation is accurately measured. Since the engine is under fixed conditions, the fuel only would determine the knock. Another method of measuring knock is by means of a thermoscope that records combustion chamber temperatures.

To obtain an anti-knock standard, two substances, iso octane and normal heptane are used. The iso octane practically does not knock, while the heptane knocks very badly. Thus, by mixing the two in varying proportions a fuel is obtained that will give any amount of knock required. Due to the high costs of these two substances, they are used to a num-

ST. STEPHEN'S SAYS

By E. G. A.

One of our genial Freshmen has invoked the aid of the Civil Rights Protective League. Someone has put a key in the keyhole on the third floor roundabout. That same Freshman has moved to the fourth floor west to another his grief.

An interesting presentation took place on Monday noon, when Railroad Rollis and Pullman Powell were the recipients of appropriate tokens of appreciation and esteem. They are in the midst of an exhaustive study of the railroad problem, and startling results are expected by their many friends and admirers.

It is rumored that the Rhodes scholar paid a visit to his co-mates out north-east last week-end. In connection with the same party, it is rumored that the secretary of the S.C.M. and one of the Toronto exchange students were received in a very businesslike manner by the matron of the women's jail.

The St. Stephen's basketball schedule is well away. The captains of the teams are Dauntless Davis, Pullman Powell, Hopeless Hooper, and Mildew McIntyre.

Mac No. 1—No, I haven't any botany instruments.
Mac—Why? Haven't you bought any?

"Write you an epitaph? Easiest thing I do." Mein Gott, what a liar we were. It was a girl who wanted an epitaph, so we were a gentleman—once. Yes, once, but never again. We sat down and commenced the epitaph thus: "This winsome wench—" "Ach, Mein Herr, be careful. We cogitate, but no other phrase phits this marvellously merry maid so tidily as this phrase phits. And anyway, what should we write an epitaph for of it isn't to describe the epitaph. And why be an epitapher if we can't epitaph unhampered.

We permit ourself the use of the old one on Edmonton and Calgary. We lay ourself out to tell the wondrous wofulness of this wretchedly wench. We spread the goo thickly. We impugn our reputation for veracity. We glow, we radiate, we dilate with extreme irrelevance—and then we stop.

Head upon table, we call ourself a thrice defamed, multi-proven liar. But then, what are epitaphs for but to corrupt the morals of the unsuspecting student? What can one expect from writing a thing called by a name with such a horrid etymological background? "epi" (derived from epilepsy) refers to the nervous state of the writer, while "taph" (from taphy) is a munchable mass of mushy goo.

Well, first we were a gentleman, then we were a liar, and now we are without a girl friend. She read the darn thing.

ber of gasolines, and these are used as references. The octane member of a gasoline is the percentage of octane in an octane-heptane mixture which would have the same knock as the gasoline. The above tests are made in a standard engine running under fixed conditions.

The average grade of gasoline sold up until now is usually between 50 and 60, with "cracked" and ethyl fuels running from 70 to 75. In a survey made in Calgary last summer, 10 fuels rated between 50 and 60, 9 between 60 and 65, 5 between 65 and 70, and 6 over 70. The last groups were all premium fuels, selling at a slight extra cost. Aviation fuels rate at 80 or over.

Tetra ethyl lead, the active constituent of ethyl gasoline, raises the rating of a fuel by about 25, although some fuels are more "susceptible," being raised higher than others less so. Thus a fuel at 50 may be raised to 75 by the fluid. The amount of fluid is very small, being about 3 c.c. per gallon.

Other compounds have anti-knock properties, but for various reasons are not chemically or commercially feasible. Iron carbonyl has a very high ability, but is too unstable to be used.

At the close of the meeting the speaker answered questions on points brought up by the audience.

ARTS DEFEAT P-C-L IN FAST GAME

S. Davis Outstanding Player of the Evening—Score 33-22

Mark and Imrie starred for Arts in a thrilling basketball tilt to help outscore P-C-L by 33-22. The outstanding player for P-C-L and also of the evening play was S. Davis. He gave a sparkling performance throughout until forced to quit owing to injury.

P-C-L took the lead from the start when Davis began searching for the basket to gain the scoring honors. The Arts, however, were working smoothly with Garfin, Moir and Love being prominent on the attack. P-C-L took the lead, but their assault was balked when Cook and Anderson combined duties on the Arts' defense. The first half ended with P-C-L leading 12-10.

At the beginning of the second half Davis for P-C-L again started the scoring, exhibiting keen accuracy; but Mark and Imrie came in for the Arts at this time to save the day for their faculty. On some neat combination plays they soon put their team in the lead, which they held till the end. Garfin and Moir also contributed to increase the lead. During a collision of Cook and Davis, the latter was carried off the floor, after leading the point-getters with 18 points to his credit. Mark and Imrie were high scorers for Arts with 10 points each. Jestley and Riley, for the losers, worked hard throughout.

The lineups:
Arts—Love (2), Mark (10), Cameron, Garfin (4), Kostash, Anderson (2), Moir (2), Imrie (10), Cook (1).
P-C-L—Davis (18), Jestley, Riley (2), Sayers (1), Davey (1), French. Referee—Jack Ford.

DUTCH TREAT WINS VOTE

Government Successfully Introduces Bill in Open Forum

At last Open Forum debates have come into their own as a major source of entertainment in campus life. This year the debates have ranged from serious, well-considered subjects to the light and thoroughly entertaining program of last night.

"Resolved that Dutch Treat be instigated on this campus" provided plenty of ammunition for the wit of both parties, much of it probably more or less unintended. Having three speakers on each side of the house is another innovation that has proven successful.

None of the speakers had ever taken part in an open forum debate previously, but judging from their performance, they may all be looked forward to in the future.

Bill Begg opened the debate, turning forensic guns full blast on the crowded common room. "In times such as these, critical as they undoubtedly are, our minds (allowing of course, for the fact that we all are possessed of a certain amount of cerebral gray matter) turn quite naturally into the grooves suggested by this topic under consideration tonight." Getting away to as good a start as this, Bill had his audience quite enthused, but, regrettably enough, the remainder of his remarks did not keep up to the opening excellence. However, without getting too personal, Bill managed to convey the idea that to his way of thinking Dutch treat could start any time now.

Members of the house who were students of emotion might have noticed a female member of the government benches paling visibly as Bill outlined the terrific expense he had been put to in giving the girls a good time. Bill's oration ended amid roars of applause (?).

Don McLaws, leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition, next took the floor and lamented volubly the fact that Mr. Begg had pre-supposed most of the negative brief, and had therefore left wee Donald with nothing much to say. However, this seemed to remind him of a story, which in turn reminded him of another, and, as may be imagined, things rapidly went from bad to worse. Mr. McLaws sat down amid the guffaws of his male compatriots and the blushes of his female admirers.

The next person to step into the breeches was Mr. Ainslie Pankhurst, Mr. Begg's loyal supporter. "Many girls, through force of circumstances, are confined to their homes and the homes of their friends," he stated.

THE BULL'S EYE

The basketball game on Saturday was certainly well worth the two bits—it was anybody's game right up to the last minute, and those Calgary boys are nobody's fools. They had very little chance for substitution, with only six men on the floor. Arnold Henderson played a fine game, particularly when he was newly risen from a bed of sickness. He held the whole team together, and flashed a form which should cause our opponents considerable worry in the future.

We've issued an appeal for ashes, sand or something on the steps between the residences and the Arts Building. Of course, as we expected, there was no result. We also said somebody would get hurt—there was a result. Fortunately it was not very serious, but alarming enough for the young lady in question. I suppose we shall have to wait till a member of the staff becomes a victim, then perhaps the authorities that control these matters will see that this very expensive operation is undertaken.

The Undergrad promises to be one of the most popular dances of the

PRESIDENT OF UNION



ARTHUR WILSON

Who, as President of the Students' Union, is having a successful year.

Mr. Pankhurst then waxed poetic, and further said that a Sir Galahad had come to the rescue. He had forged a key which would forever free those unfortunate young maidens from their chains. He crept silently in the quiet of the night to the dungeon window and slipped the key into eager hands. When morning came the dungeon was empty, never to be filled again. This key was the Dutch treat. He then went on to state that a system of Dutch treat would enable the young men to enlarge the circle of their acquaintances, and that it would force him to find other excuses for the occupying of a chesterfield. There is no doubt, as we all know, that the woman pays. It is merely the means of payment that we are trying to establish. The Honourable Mr. Pankhurst closed by outlining an idea whereby the girl and boy start a fund between them for the purpose of going out and doing things.

The voluble member of the opposition, Mr. John Corley, was the next member to rise to the cause. He endeavored to point out that the system as at present practiced must be a good one, as it has stood the ravages of time for many years. He then went on to say that girls had been different just because boys went to some minor expense to take them out. He told the girls that, in the past, they had inspired great things and had been the source of many romances and much adventure. He implored the girls not to completely discard this role. Mr. Corley then proceeded to tell a little story regarding the Honourable Mr. Begg and his able helper, Miss Duncan, much to the delight of the House. Mr. Corley closed with a tirade against the superficiality and impracticality of the measure proposed by the Government.

Miss Duncan was the next speaker of the evening, and she held the audience enthralled by her fiery and eloquent speech. "Independence," she stated, "was the war-cry of the modern university woman." She went further to draw differences between the education of women today and twenty years ago. Today they are taking up the professions. Soon they will be invading the field of man in life, and if they are to take their bread and butter there, why not give them a square meal now. She said that university women did not want to be remembered as gold-diggers or parasites, but as pals and comrades. If they wish to be thus thought of they must be prepared to shoulder their responsibilities now.

Miss Helen Norton would up the arguments of the opposition. Boys, according to her, would not stand for independence, and they would not have to, as there were many girls who would do as the boys please. The costs that a girl must put up with to make herself presentable were then outlined. She then gave away the secret of the healthy color that girls have nowadays. Without the Dutch treat system it costs a girl just as much as a boy to go to a formal dance. Mr. Begg got up at this time and said that boys always had to have their dress shirts starched and ironed, and went on to say that he would give a medal to any boy who could do this himself. Mr. Moir at once took him up on this, but first wanted to know how much the medal was worth. Miss Norton stated that if this system were installed the boys would find out just how they stood, as it would give the girls the privilege of refusing to go out. She closed by stating that if they were besieged by dates from girls they

year. This undoubtedly is due to the price of the tickets, which are exceedingly reasonable. The Agricultural Club deserve a lot of praise for being the first to explode the theory that dances can't be put on under two dollars. If a few class executives would take notice, a lot of trouble would be avoided.

Ken Ives was very unfortunate to break his leg last week, particularly with the Spring Play near at hand. This year's President of Dramatics has probably done more and taken more active interest in the functions of the society than any of his predecessors. It certainly is hard luck to be confined to bed just when his help and guidance are needed the most.

There is no doubt that we are living in one of the most astounding times the world has ever seen. Every civilized nation is in the most extraordinary state of chaos; even God's own country is wondering whether they've lost their influence. It would be (and of course it really is) remarkably interesting to the individual to watch these conditions, if it were not so painfully personal. Yet there are still people who maintain that everything is perfectly satisfactory, and times will change—that no changes in any of our social or economic systems are needed. True, these satisfied individuals have sufficient financial resources to suffer no inconvenience to themselves. The young person who is not thoroughly alarmed, and prepared to face an unbelievably difficult period, and who is not aware at least of some of the difficulties which face the world, is a fool.

Our only sign of hope seems to be in the lawyers—always known as men with peculiar foresight, particularly that sort of vision which can creep around corners. This session's first year Law class numbers well over twenty, so maybe there's hope yet.

ELECTRICAL CLUB HOLDS MEETING

At the latest meeting of the club, held on Friday, January 27, Mr. Sinclair was the speaker for the day, his subject being "Electric Elevators."

A brief outline of the history of the various types of elevators, steam, hydraulic and electric, was given by the speaker. Then the kinds in use today, with their limits in application, as well as the modern improvements on them, were mentioned.

The chief difficulty in designing an elevator motor, as Mr. Sinclair pointed out, was the low speed at which it had to operate. The various methods used to overcome this trouble were described in some detail. The different motors were illustrated with photographs.

The braking and safety devices, as used today on elevators, were explained by the speaker in a manner which showed that the liability of accidents had been greatly reduced.

The next phase of the topic dealt with was the control systems. Three main types were enumerated: first, the series magnetic; second, the full magnetic; and third, the automatic. Each type has its own special applications, with the modern tendency being toward the automatic.

In conclusion, the speaker mentioned many new devices now being brought into service, and showed

would become even more concealed, which would not be a "good thing."

A short discussion was then held regarding the advisability of bringing a debating team from Mount Royal College for a return debate.

It was decided to ask them to send a team here, the debate to be held in Convocation Hall and to be free to students, overtown people being asked to pay a small admittance fee.

The House was then thrown open for discussion, and the battle waged fast and furious for some time. A vote was taken when the smoke had cleared away, and the Government was returned with a large majority.

Technocracy was a popular subject for the next Open Forum debate, to be held in two weeks' time.

S.C.M. TO HOLD FIRESIDE MEET

"Is one's attitude to the Bible important?" was the general theme of thought and discussion on Tuesday evening, when a group of twenty students met under the leadership of Dr. A. D. Miller, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. McCuaig. Apparently the attitude has been important in the past, for scriptural justification has been found for killing heretics, burning witches, owning slaves, and perpetrating aggressive warfare. The attitude to the Bible which has made such interpretations possible is that which denies the validity of the literary and historical method of study. This latter method, when applied, makes it possible to see what meaning each author intended to convey to the people of his own day, and whether and to what extent that is the highest truth now known to man. Loyalty to that highest will not only prevent weird interpretations of the Bible, but also point the way for personal discoveries of new truth pertinent to the living of the good life. Over an hour was spent in discussion of the various questions which Dr. Miller's talk had aroused.

THE OXFORD GROUPS

"The challenge of the Oxford Groups" is the topic on which Dr. A. R. Osborn will address a general meeting of the Student Christian Movement on Thursday, February 9th, at 4:45 p.m., in Arts 236. The Oxford Groups have been doing notable religious work in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton during the last few months, and it is understood that they will visit Edmonton in March.

This meeting is open to all persons interested in information as to the purposes and methods of the Groups.

NOTICE

Students are invited by the Evergreen and Gold to submit any snaps which they may have, that are suitable for Year Book purposes. These may be left in the Year Book box, with names of persons contributing them written on the back to facilitate their return if not used.

Clubs are especially urged to collect snaps for full page club groups. Information regarding costs may be had from the Year Book Director.

Women's Colleges Approve Smoking

New Orleans, La.—The smokers have the edge in a majority of the women's colleges of the country which are represented here at the convention of the National Student Federation.

Girl delegates at a round table discussion took a poll and found that 24 of the 40 colleges represented permit the girls to smoke.

Further discussions brought out that drinking of intoxicants is not considered an important problem, and only six of the colleges have compulsory chapel attendance.—McGill Daily.

some fine photographs of the developments in elevator design during the past twenty-five years.

At the close of the address, a number of questions, chiefly concerning the safety devices, were answered by the speaker.

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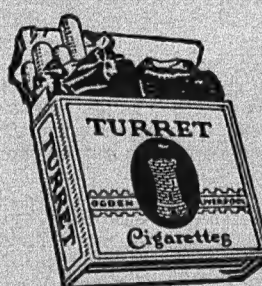
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